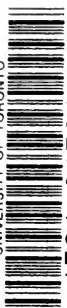
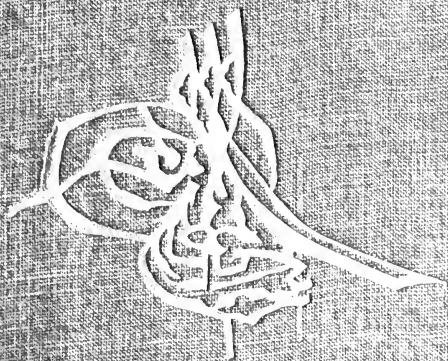


LETTERS FROM
CONSTANTINOPLE

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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MRS. MAX MÜLLER

LETTERS

FROM

CONSTANTINOPLE

Oxford

HORACE HART, PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY



SERAGLIO POINT

LETTERS
FROM
CONSTANTINOPLE

BY
MRS. MAX MÜLLER

WITH TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

THESE letters are enlarged from letters I wrote three years ago, during the bright days I enjoyed at Constantinople. I went there with my husband, who required change and rest, to see our son, who was then, and still is, Secretary of Embassy there. Though our son's letters had led us to expect much, the extreme loveliness of the Bosphorus, and the interest of the historical monuments in and around Constantinople, took us completely by surprise. We were received with the greatest kindness by Sir Clare Ford, our Ambassador, and by all the members of the British Embassy. H.M. the Sultan bestowed on us marks of his Imperial favour such as had seldom before been bestowed on mere travellers. We saw things which few visitors ever see, and

saw many things under the most favourable circumstances, being accompanied everywhere during the three months of our stay by one of the Palace aides-de-camp, whose Imperial uniform gained us access to places which no amount of bakshîsh would have opened to us. The idea of any danger, when passing along the crowded streets of Stambûl, or visiting any of the Mosques, or the more desolate and deserted memorials of the Byzantine Empire, never crossed our minds, and we left with an earnest desire to return. After the events of last year that desire will hardly be realized, nor is it likely now that the chief object I had in view in publishing these letters will be fulfilled, and that others will be persuaded by them to spend their holidays in the soft air and the lovely scenes of the Bosphorus.

It will be seen that a few of the letters are written by my husband.

GEORGINA MAX MÜLLER.

January, 1897.

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LETTERS FROM CONSTANTINOPLE



I

ARRIVAL AT CONSTANTINOPLE

‘IT is time to be up, the Princes’ Islands are in sight,’ said a voice at our cabin door about seven o’clock on a morning in May. We needed no second summons, and, dressing hastily, were soon on deck; but great was our disappointment to find that it was a dark, foggy morning, and that we could see but little of the far-famed islands, which lie in the Marmara, a long hour’s steam from Stambûl. We had reached the entrance of the Dardanelles the night before, about seven o’clock, after a lovely day on the Archipelago, catching distant glimpses of some of the islands as we steamed past. On joining the vessel at the Piræus, late in the evening, we had found a curious collection of fellow-passengers. The whole lower deck was crowded with Albanians, Montenegrins, &c., and their families, where they had any, on their way to Stambûl in search of employ-

ment. They were a wild and dirty-looking set, and we were told had been carefully disarmed directly they joined the steamer at Corfu. They had brought their bedding, carpets, and cooking utensils with them, and when they were neither sleeping, eating, nor preparing their food, they spent the time in gambling and playing cards. Those who had packs of cards used them, the rest tore up bits of paper, and marked them in some way best known to themselves, but evidently considered as good as the printed cards. We were cautioned not to leave open the windows of our cabins which looked on to this lower deck. It was very hot the first night, and I left ours ajar, but soon after the lights were out I heard it gently closed by the watch. None of the first class passengers attempted to descend among their strange fellow-voyagers, but we all spent many a moment in watching them from above, seeing them prepare their scanty meals—the materials for which were carried in the filthiest handkerchiefs and wrappers—or solemnly smoking as they played their games of hazard, or singing some of their wild songs. The women sat apart, minding the children, and looked scarcely less wild than the men. The French fleet was lying off the Piræus the night we left, and the Admiral in command was entertaining the

King and Queen of Greece at a banquet. As soon as night fell every ship was illuminated, with brilliant effect, and we watched the beautiful sight for a long time, as we steamed away into the dark sea. We found some Greek friends of our son on board, the wife and daughters of a merchant in Pera, to whom we were afterwards indebted for many pleasant hours of our stay both in Pera and Therapia.

The Princes' Islands, so called from having been a favourite resort of the Byzantine emperors, are nine in number. Four are still inhabited, the others are mere rocks, though even on some of these rocks there are the ruins of monasteries, and on each of the larger islands are several Greek monasteries, still inhabited. The Turks call these islands the 'Red Islands' from the large amount of iron which colours the rocks. We only passed close to Plate, 'the flat rock,' on which Sir H. Bulwer, when ambassador, built an Anglo-Saxon castle, of which very little remains, and where, if report is to be believed, he maintained a thoroughly Turkish establishment. A few days after our arrival we visited Prinkipo, the largest of the islands, in company with our ambassador, having luncheon with one of the leading Greek families. The whole centre of Prinkipo, which rises steeply from the sea, is covered with pine woods, and the island is formed

of two hills, divided by a deep valley. A beautiful drive runs all round the northern or largest hill, with views over the sea to the Asian shore, whilst below this drive stand the lovely villas, in their yet more lovely gardens sloping steeply to the shore. I never saw such a wealth of roses as in these gardens, where everything seemed to grow in almost tropical luxuriance. Though we never landed on either Halki or Antigone, the next largest islands, we more than once steamed close to them; they, like Prinkipo, are well wooded; their shore line is more rocky. The climate of the islands is mild, and more equable than either Constantinople or Therapia, and before the embassies move up the Bosphorus, if the heat begins early, Prinkipo is often visited by members of the corps diplomatique, as there are steamers constantly plying between it and the outer bridge of Galata.

After passing the Princes' Islands, we began to watch eagerly for our first view of Stambûl. We soon discerned the hazy outline of the beautiful city, rising on its seven low hills, each crowned by a mosque. Even under the unfavourable circumstances of weather on our first approach, we felt it was more beautiful than any place we had ever visited. We were fortunate enough to see this view many times again, and at all hours—by the bright

glare of the noonday sun, by the soft light of late afternoon, by sunset glow, by dark night, when only the myriad lights from the houses betrayed the existence of the city—and most bewitching of all by moonlight, so bright that every building was clearly visible. Under all lights and at all hours the view of Constantinople from the Marmara is unique in loveliness. The gentle outlines of the low hills, the varied colours, the magnificent buildings—form a whole, combining in one the beauties of Stockholm, Venice, and the Bay of Naples. When lit up by sunshine the varieties of colour are dazzling. The eye rests on mosque after mosque, with their snow-white minarets, in sharp contrast to the almost black cypresses that mark the small, unused burial-grounds surrounding each mosque, or the vast cities of the dead at Scutari, beyond Pera, and outside the old city walls. The roofs of most Turkish houses are a rich brown, whilst large plane-trees, with their bright green leaves, stand in every garden, and over all is a sky so blue, that after a sojourn of several weeks one longs for the contrast of English clouds.

We were straining to see all we could through the hazy atmosphere, when we were told that the Embassy steam launch was rapidly approaching, and we soon saw the little vessel, with the Union

Jack flying, and our son¹ on board. It kept within sight till our steamer swept round the Seraglio point, with its white marble kiosks and dark vegetation, and we anchored at the mouth of the Golden Horn, below the outer or Galata Bridge. The launch came alongside, and our son came on board, and joined us in enjoying the animated scene all round us. On our right lay Galata and Pera, and the mouth of the Bosphorus, with Scutari on its opposite shore; on our left the Seraglio point and the whole of old Stambûl, whilst in front, but hidden from us by the bridge of Galata, the Golden Horn wound up inland to the Sweet Waters of Europe. It was across the mouth of the Golden Horn that in old days a huge chain was stretched to prevent war vessels from entering. Hundreds of small boats and kaïks surrounded the steamer, the boatmen gesticulating and shouting in every variety of language, European and Asiatic, in their frantic efforts to secure a fare. The wild Albanians and Montenegrins were the first to leave the vessel, and were carried off in the small boats, with their bedding and carpets. The agents of Cook and Gaze came on board and secured some of the passengers, accompanying them to the Custom House, whilst others, natives of the place, went off

¹ Secretary at the British Embassy.

in their own kaïks. We waited till the last, amused by the motley scene, and feeling very superior to all our companions—for our luggage was in charge of an Embassy Kavass¹, under whose care it was rapidly piled up in the Embassy launch, safe from any Custom House examination. Taking our seats in the launch, or *mouche*, as they call these boats at Pera, we steamed away to the landing at Topkhâneh, on the opposite shore to the Seraglio point, where the Golden Horn merges in the Bosphorus, and the Bosphorus in the Marmara. Opposite, across the Bosphorus, rose Scutari, with its memories of the Crimean war and its lovely English cemetery, where so many one had known in those far-off days sleep their last sleep. On landing we got into a carriage drawn by two little Arab horses, leaving the Kavass to bring our luggage. We passed the beautiful fountain of Topkhâneh, in white marble with sculptured arabesques, and climbed up the broad, handsome street of Yeni Charshi, to the Grande Rue de Pera. The brave little horses took the steep street at a brisk trot, turning aside from time to time to avoid the sleeping dogs, of which the place was full, whilst others were prowling about in the gutters, picking up refuse, all of them looking as if life went rather hard with them,

¹ See p. 36.

and in their sharp, hungry faces resembling wolves more than dogs. I grew quite fond of these dogs during our stay. There were thirteen in the open space near our hotel, all of whom I knew, and watched them returning every morning one by one from their nightly marauding expeditions. They generally spent the day asleep, but were always most grateful for a friendly word. The original colour is a tawny yellow, but one sees every variety now of mixed black, white, and yellow. The puppies born in the streets are regular gamins, perfectly fearless, and impudent.

At the top of Yeni Charshi we turned into the Grande Rue de Pera, where are the best shops, many of the Embassies and Legations. We merely crossed it, and turning to the left and past the gates and wall of our Embassy, reached the hotel, where our son had chosen rooms for us. It would be difficult to give an idea of the view that we commanded from our sitting-room, which looked down on the Golden³ Horn, with old Stambûl rising beyond it. Immediately below us was the Inner Bridge, above which lay some ten or twelve fine-looking ironclads—which had not left their moorings for years, and are reported to be so rotten that they would promptly go to the bottom were they moved. An Englishman, who is an admiral in the Turkish navy, told me he had never

been allowed on board any of them; I imagine for fear he should report on their rotten state. To the left we could see the dark point of the Seraglio at the mouth of the Golden Horn, with St. Irene and St. Sophia behind it, whilst on our side of the water and directly below our windows lay the Petits Champs des Morts, no longer used, and looking even more desolate and neglected than the generality of Turkish burial-grounds. A steep path led down it to the street skirting the Golden Horn, one of the busiest thoroughfares on the Pera side, leading on to the Grande Rue de Galata, the most important commercial centre, connected with Pera by a tram line and a funicular railway. To our right, between us and Stambûl, the Golden Horn wound on towards Eyub, and its mosque, which no Christian has ever entered, where the sword of Osman, the founder of the dynasty, is preserved, with which each Sultan is girded on his accession. The ceremony is performed by the chief of the 'Dancing Dervishes,' and answers to our coronations. The Golden Horn, the Sweet Waters, the Seraglio, St. Sophia, the Bazârs, each name conjured up a host of associations, and made us impatient for the moment when we could explore for ourselves the beautiful city that lay stretched before us.

II

THE BRIDGE OF GALATA

WHY do so many people year after year go to the Rhine, to Switzerland and Rome, when a few days more would bring them to Constantinople, into an entirely new world, and into a climate which at certain times of the year is simply perfect? What is said of the fountain of Trevi at Rome and of the waters of the Nile is said with equal truth of the waters of the Bosphorus—whoever has seen them once will always feel drawn back, and wish to see them again. Constantinople itself is not, perhaps, a place for rest; but for people with weary brains Therapia is, indeed, what its name implies, a place of healing and comfort. The approach to Constantinople and the entry into the Golden Horn have often been described, and yet the panorama opened before our eyes on entering the Bosphorus defies pen as well as pencil. Of course there must be sunshine to light



BRIDGE OF GALATA



up the fairy-like scene, but from May onward there is generally plenty of dazzling light over the Sea of Marmara. The glittering cupolas of the mosques, the minarets like tall white tapers around each sanctuary, the brilliant white marble façades of the numerous palaces, the brownish roofs and greyish wooden balconies of the Turkish houses, projecting over the sea, and surrounded by dark cypresses, and the soft green foliage that covers the hills on both sides of the straits; lastly, the sea itself, like a blue satin ribbon with silvery ripples, alive with sails of every hue—all these together make up a picture which it would be difficult to match anywhere else.

And when we step for the first time on the famous bridge of Galata, how far does it exceed all that we had imagined! We expect to see all the nationalities of the world, and we do see them; but not as on a stage, but in the full swing of real life, as if pouring straight upon us from the plain of Shinar, immediately after the fall of the Tower of Babel. The Semitic race is represented not only by Jews of every description, but by sinewy Arabs with deep-cut features and defiant noses, clad in their coarse white or brown burnouses, their feet often bare, and their heads as if bound together by strong white linen bandages. Africa sends us negroes and negresses of

every degree of ugliness ; nor are the real Mongolians absent, with their round faces, small round eyes, and noses which hardly deserve that name. The Chinese and Malay races are not largely represented, still one meets here and there with the yellowish skin and that straight black hair which can come from the Celestial Kingdom only, or from the Malay Archipelago. The Aryan race has many representatives from every part of Europe and Asia, the most striking being the handsome Greeks in their white petticoats and gold-embroidered jackets, the Persians in their flowing gowns and black caps, Albanians in their primitive sheepskins, and crowds of Armenians, mostly in Turkish costume and red fez. There are, besides, the Circassians, their breasts decorated with cartridges, with swords at their sides and daggers in their girdles ; Dervishes from anywhere, in their tall brown hats ; people from India and Bokhara, all surging to and fro through a compact mass of Turks in their more or less national costume and with the inevitable fez. There is a larger sprinkling of women than one expects, passing fearlessly over the bridge through the crowds of men. We see the bright colours of their dresses, white, red, blue, green, and purple, but of their faces little is seen beyond the dark eyes shining out from between the folds of their

transparent veils. These dark eyes are generally the best part of an Oriental face and a closer examination through the transparent veil usually brings disappointment. Turkish, Persian, Greek, and Circassian women vie with each other in the brilliant colours of their misshapen gowns, the so-called ferejehs. Most of them wear yashmaks, or veils, some have their faces bandaged in white gauze as if on their way to the dentist. Their movements are not graceful, they all waddle, both old and young, while the Frank ladies of Pera, some in the newest Parisian costumes, move along swiftly and gracefully like their sisters on the Boulevards. Of course there is a motley crew of beggars, in rags of every hue or of no hue at all. How they manage to take off and put on their tattered garments is a constant puzzle; probably they never do, though their religion prescribes one complete and four partial ablutions every day.

This Bridge of Galata is full of intense life. The shouts never cease. Everybody seems bent on some important business on one side of the Golden Horn or the other, in Pera or in Stambûl. People are rushing and crushing, and even the serious-looking Turk is carried along with the surging crowd. Take care of beggars, pickpockets, and guides who offer their services! The steamers all the while are shrieking

and pouring forth their clouds of darkest and dirtiest smoke, the old bridge shakes and groans under the clatter of carriages and horses. Each passenger pays a halfpenny, each carriage fivepence, and the money taken amounts every day to four hundred pounds Turkish, a Turkish pound being eighteen shillings.

Constantinople is indeed a heart throbbing with life, and by no means the effete town, the deserted Byzantium of mediæval history. It is one of the fairest spots on earth, half Eastern and half Western, the best international market that could be desired. The Turks may well be proud of it, and must not be surprised that their neighbours look upon it as a Naboth's vineyard. Whatever may have been said of the 'Sick Man,' there is many a sign that the Turk does not mean to die yet, and that he will prove a tough morsel to whoever wishes to swallow him. The pure Turk is strong and steady, and determined to fight to the bitter end before he surrenders what for over four hundred years he has called his own. It is difficult to know the Turks, and to discover either their strong or their weak points. I have often admired the hardihood of people who speak of the general character of a whole nation when they have come in contact with about one in a million, and I do not wish to commit the same inductive blunder.

What I say of the Turks applies to the few individuals only whom I came to know during my short stay on the Bosphorus, and I must leave it to others to generalize and to lay down the law. Besides, even when I had an opportunity of judging for myself, I found that the Turks are by no means communicative with strangers, and their domestic life is of course altogether withdrawn from our view. Yet even in the streets one cannot but feel struck with their dignified behaviour. One sees how even the poorest are fond of children, charitable to beggars, and compassionate to animals. In no town would dogs be treated with so much forbearance as in the streets of Constantinople. Nor are the dogs so troublesome or fierce as they have generally been represented by casual travellers. They have divided the town among themselves, each set of five or ten or twenty dogs looking upon a certain street or portion of a street as their own. Woe to the strange dog, particularly if he is a European dog and a gentleman, that intrudes into their sacred precincts. As in ancient Rome, every stranger is an enemy, and is treated by them as such. But in other respects the street dogs are perfectly peaceful, most grateful for a bone or any other kindness shown to them. Whatever may have been said to the contrary,

they know how to wag their tails like any other dog, whenever they have occasion to express their gratitude to human beings. They are evidently fatalists, like the Turks; they hardly move when carriages roll by, and if they must be driven over they submit, though not without a piteous howl. The coachmen, though they drive recklessly, will do their best to let sleeping dogs lie, and drive aside so as to avoid hurting them and their hopeful families. I was told lately that some years ago, during a very severe winter the wolves in the Balkans were so starved that they came down into the plains, and close to the city. On this the whole of the dogs forgot their local jealousies, banded together, and poured out of the city by hundreds to fight the wolves. They slaughtered so many that the enemy fled back in terror to their native fastnesses, on which the dogs returned, each pack going off to its own quarters, and taking up its quarrel with all other packs as before their united expedition.

The streets are very badly paved, and what with tramways, carriages, and porters, one's progress is not always very easy or very quick. There is much shouting, and the common people speak very loud, but there are few brawls in the streets, and, what should never be forgotten, there are no drunken men or drunken

women to be seen anywhere, or if there is one, we may be sure that he or she is not a Turk. What that means can best be understood if we remember that with us nearly every brawl, nay, nearly every crime, can be traced back to drunkenness. An English Bishop once declared that he would rather see England free than sober. The Turks are sober, and yet they are free, if reports are true of the freedom with which some of the upper classes indulge in champagne and even stronger intoxicating beverages. The upper classes form the exception everywhere, and so they do in Turkey. The people at large must be judged by the middle and lower classes, and not by the so-called aristocracy. These middle and lower classes, the real backbone of a nation, are as yet free from the vice of drunkenness. They are sober by their own free choice and from respect for their Prophet.

It is horrible to imagine what would happen in Turkey if the lower classes took to drink. Education has done as yet very little to tame the ferocious spirit inherited by the present Turks from their Tatar and Mongolian ancestors. When one sees them huddled together near their Mosques, one feels that the lions and tigers might spring upon you at any time, and at the smallest provocation. It seems a mistake to

imagine that the Turks hate the Christian religion. I should say they respect it, and they do not even hate the Christians as Christians, but as Bulgarians, Armenians, Russians, and all the rest. In no other country would unbelievers be appointed to the highest offices as in Turkey, where we find Christians not only among the Ministers, but among the Ambassadors, who of course must be trusted with the most important state secrets. When a man is massacred it may be difficult to draw the line, and to say whether he was massacred as a Bulgarian or as a Christian, nor would it make much difference to him. All I can say is that as far as I can judge, the root of the hatred is national, and not religious.

The Turks have been brought into contact with the civilized life of Europe by which to a certain extent they are dazed, but which, in their hearts, they despise. One sees the light of European civilization in the higher classes, and nothing can be pleasanter socially than the educated Turk. But we must not forget that as a race the Turks are not Europeanized, and I am afraid, never will be. They are physically, I should say, nay, even morally, a fine and strong race. But they are by nature fierce. Their blood may to a certain extent have been modified and mollified by the blood of their mothers, in many cases women not

of Turkish origin. But with all that the Turk does not seem to be happy, he does not seem to feel at home in Europe. He knows that he is there as he was at the time of the Crusades, thanks to the mutual jealousies of the Christian Powers of Europe, and he defies the threats that are uttered against him so long as the bridge between Europe and Asia is in his keeping. He has seen the Russians at St. Stefano, within a stone's throw of the old walls of Byzantium, from where they could have bombarded and stormed Constantinople with the greatest ease, if the English fleet had not sailed through the Dardanelles and threatened with their guns the defenceless camp of the Russian army. Whatever the ruling classes may feel, I doubt whether the bulk of the Turkish population would be very averse to recross the Bosphorus, if a golden bridge were built for them, that is, if they were allowed to recross it 'with bag and baggage.' Their old tastes were nomadic, and are so still. They would be happier, I believe, on their horses than on the cushions of their Selamluks;—but what would then become of Syria, Armenia, and possibly Egypt, is difficult to imagine.

Delicta maiorum immeritus lucis, Romane.

There is another feature of the streets of Constantinople that cannot but strike the European traveller,

the absence of open vice, at all events in the case of Turkish women.

There are plenty of beggars, particularly on the Galata bridge. Some are decidedly hideous and repulsive. Occasionally the police make a raid, and they vanish for a time, but in the end they return to their former haunts.

It is pleasant to see crowds of children, both girls and boys, going to school, as in England. The schools are public and elementary. Most of them owe their origin to the initiative of the reigning Sultan, who is sowing seed of which others will reap the harvest.

Strong and determined was the opposition of the conservative and more particularly of the clerical party to the establishment of public elementary schools. The Sultan had to found them himself, and has to support them out of his own private income.

There is always something new and interesting to see in the streets for any one who has eyes to see—money-changers, jugglers, gipsies, sellers of sweetmeats and cakes, dancing bears, funerals, donkey boys, hamals, or porters, with their huge burdens, black eunuchs, and white lepers. Whenever we see houses guarded by latticed windows, we know that they are inhabited by Turks. Now and then one

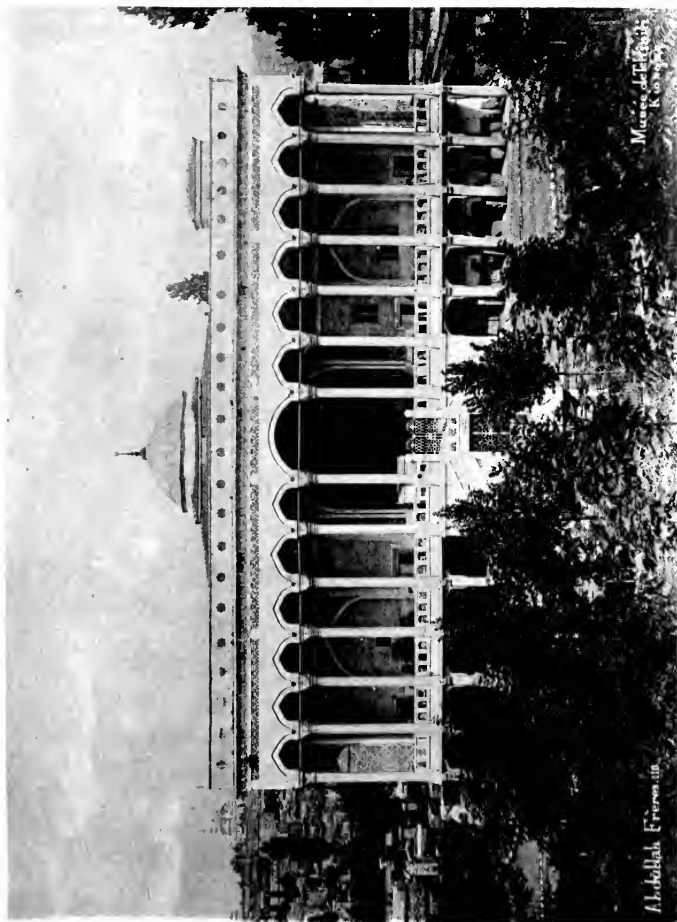
can catch a glimpse of what is going on inside, particularly in the Selamlık, or the rooms occupied by the men. Of the ladies behind the lattice-work one can only say—*Ut spectent veniunt*, but seldom, if ever, *Veniunt spectentur ut ipsae*.

F. M. M.

III

THE SERAGLIO AND TREASURY

ONE of the most famous sights at Constantinople, and perhaps in itself unique, is the Treasury in the old Seraglio. As the amount of bakshish to be paid on visiting it is very considerable, a large party is generally made up, to share the expenses. A special order, signed by the Sultan himself, must be obtained through an ambassador, and on the day named the party assembles at that embassy, where a Palace aide-de-camp, bearing the permit which alone opens the Orta Kapu, or Middle Gate, leading to the inner court of the Serai, meets them and assumes the command. It was my husband's name on the application that probably made his arrival known to the Sultan. Among our party were the Belgian Minister and his daughter, various other English visitors, and some of the residents, who find it almost impossible to get an order for themselves. We were above twenty in all,



THE CHINILI KIOSK

Musee de l'Inde
K. 10. 10. 10.

Abdullah Feroze. 116

and formed a long procession of carriages, led by the young aide-de-camp Nedjib Bey, nephew of Munir Pasha, the Grand Master of the Ceremonies. We met Nedjib Bey several times afterwards at various embassies, as well as at his uncle's house. He proved a most courteous and agreeable guide.

The Seraglio Hill, or Point, is washed on the south and east by the Sea of Marmara, and on the north by the waters of the Golden Horn. Roughly speaking, it consists of three terraces or heights. The two lowest were given up to the gardens, and on the highest stand the various kiosks forming the Palace, the Court of the Janissaries, and the church of St. Irene, now an armoury. Leaving the English Embassy, our long line of carriages drove rapidly down the steep descent from Pera, crossed the bridge of Galata into Stambûl, turned sharply to the left, following the tram line, and, climbing the hill, entered the once beautiful but now neglected gardens of the Seraglio by a scrubby gate in the walls. The gardens were more or less destroyed when the railroad was made, which now runs round the Seraglio Point, separating the gardens from the water to which they once descended. It is said that when the excavations were made for the railroad, a huge funnel or covered passage was laid bare, sloping

into the Marmara, down which the hapless wives and slaves who had incurred the wrath of the Sultan were cast, sewn up in sacks. Inside the gate we had a steep climb up a deplorable road, which the sturdy Arab horses faced most bravely, and passing the Chinili Kiosk, now used as the Museum, which we visited later, and one or two other isolated kiosks, almost all of them brilliant with faïence, we reached the Upper Terrace. Here we left our carriages and passed through the Bâb-i-Humayûn, or great gate of the Seraglio, through which the Sultan enters in state at the feast of Ramazan. Just outside the gate we stopped to admire the Fountain of Ahmed III, considered the most beautiful of all these beautiful erections. It is as large as a small house, and built of white marble, covered with delicate carving and gold inscriptions, bordered by blue and green faïence. It was built in the beginning of the last century, but is as clean and bright as if finished yesterday. After passing through the great gate we found ourselves in the Court of the Janissaries, commanding a wonderful view over the Sea of Marmara to the snowy heights of Olympus in Bithynia, above Brûsa. We passed St. Irene, the Armoury, which we made more than one attempt to enter later on, as there is a tradition that some of the Greek MSS. are preserved

there. These MSS., wherever they may be, are most jealously guarded from the eyes of antiquarians, and even our aide-de-camp, Sadik Bey¹, could not effect an entrance for us. 'Il y a des réparations à faire,' said the Minister of War when applied to. However, we heard from an old Crimean officer, General Kent, who was living at our hotel at the same time, that he had been taken over St. Irene by order of the Sultan, when he inspected the Barracks, Military Schools, &c., probably as having no antiquarian interests. Knowing my husband's great wish to discover the MSS., the General looked everywhere, but saw no place in St. Irene likely to contain such treasures. I was sorry we were not able to visit this church, as close round it are some very large sarcophagi with the cross and monogram of Christ, supposed to be those of some of the Greek emperors, and among them, it is said, even that of Constantine the Great.

But to return to the Seraglio. The very name of the Court of the Janissaries sounded ominous, and down a pathway we could see their famous plane-tree, underneath which they met to arrange their mutinies, and demand the dismissal or death of the Ministers of whom they disapproved. Their barracks stood on the Hippodrome, beyond St. Sophia, but on a level with

¹ See p. 57.

the Seraglio. As a sign of revolt they overturned their kettles, thus signifying that they accepted nothing more from the reigning Sultan. This declaration of bloodshed always struck terror throughout the whole city. Crossing the court, round which stand the stables and houses for slaves, we arrived at the Orta Kapu (Middle Gate), where the Sultan's order was shown, and we passed through the now innocent-looking gateway, once closed by huge doors at each end, the passage between forming the Chamber of Execution, where the horrible black mutes were always in waiting to strangle any condemned Grand Vizier or Minister immediately after his last audience. The court we now entered is planted with trees and flowers, and on the right are nine kitchens, each covered by a dome, with a hole in it, through which the smoke escapes. The first was for the Sultan, the second for the chief wives, and so on down to the ninth, used by the lowest attendants. We passed along a path with fine cypresses on each hand to the Bâb-i-Sadet, or Gate of Felicity, and through this we reached the interior of the Serai. We were early, and the keeper of the Treasury was not ready for us ; we were therefore taken at once to the Medjidiyeh Kiosk, standing on a terrace with flowers, from which we had a delightful view over the

Sea of Marmara to the Princes' Islands, backed by the snow-capped range of Olympus, whilst on our left lay the mouth of the Golden Horn, and the Bosphorus winding away between the hills of Europe and Asia like a silver streak towards the Black Sea. The kiosk is furnished in French style, and when we had enjoyed the view to the utmost we returned to one of the large rooms, and refreshments were offered us. Here an amusing episode occurred. A very sticky sweetmeat or jelly was brought in in a large glass vase and handed round; but just as the slave approached one of the ladies of the party, he slipped on the highly polished parquet, and, sliding forward, upset the sweetmeat over her and the floor and himself. No great harm was done—a little water set all to rights; but the look of terror on the slave's face made us all suspect that some severe chastisement awaited him. Cigarettes were then handed round, and, lastly, a picturesque group of slaves entered in white dresses, with turbans, carrying coffee-cups upon golden trays. We each took one. Those offered to the gentlemen had golden holders, richly engraved; those for the ladies had holders of filigree gold, thickly set with diamonds. Lastly came the kahveji. Across his left arm and shoulder hung a superb cloth of crimson embroidered in gold, which was removed by another

slave, and we discovered in his hands a tall, slender coffee-pot of pure gold, from which he proceeded to serve us. We were amused at the anxious care with which the precious cups were counted as we gave them back.

At length Nedjib Bey announced that the Head Treasurer was ready, and we soon found ourselves in front of a building covered with tiles, the doors of which were only unlocked when we were ready to enter. There are three rooms, one within the other, and, though everything is behind glass, each room was crowded with attendants who never seemed to take their eyes off us. The great wonder of the whole place is in the first room, the large throne of beaten gold and enamel over gold, set with countless pearls, rubies, and emeralds. It was carried off from Persia, and has all the delicacy and yet brilliancy of colouring belonging to Persian art; there is nothing glaring or barbaric in the general effect. The form is that of a very large, round library chair. The pearls especially are large and beautifully matched in size and colour. In the gallery of the same room is another throne of old Turkish work, of ebony and sandalwood inlaid with mother of pearl, gold, and silver, with splendid jewels let in—rubies, emeralds, and pearls. This throne has a canopy of gold, from the

centre of which hangs an emerald, uncut, but very fine in colour, and as large as a hen's egg. Every case round the walls is full of arms and suits of armour highly decorated, some of Damascene work encrusted with jewels. There are swords of which the hilts are entirely set with large diamonds. The saddle-cloths and horse-trappings are decorated with every variety of precious stone, and then side by side with these priceless objects are things of no value—gaudy clocks and vulgar china and ormolu objects, apparently from the Palais Royal, toilette accessories in the worst taste, musical boxes, common revolvers, all heaped together in dire confusion. In the centre of one room is a round case with bowls filled with every variety of gold and silver coins, many of a very early date, and among them a rich collection of Sassanian gold coins unknown to scholars. Another case contains basins of uncut gems, each kind by itself: of which one could take up handfuls, as if washing one's hands in jewels. In the wall-cases of the second room are the state robes of all the Sultans from Muhammad the Conqueror, 1453, to Mahmûd the Reformer, who died in 1839, and who introduced the fez instead of the turban, and greater simplicity of dress, abolishing the old typical Turkish costume with large trousers and huge curved scimitar.

The robes are magnificent silk brocades, worked in gold and silver, and in each waist-band is a costly dagger. We observed one of which the hilt is one huge emerald. Every turban has a splendid jewelled aigrette on one side. The attendants did not allow us to scatter over the place, or stay long before any object, though, as I have said, everything is safe behind glass.

On leaving the Treasury a building opposite was pointed out to us, like a miniature mosque. This is the Hall of the Holy Garments, containing the mantle and standard of the Prophet, together with his staff, sabre, and bow. The Sultan visits this hall in state once a year, at the feast of Ramazan. The mantle is then displayed to the faithful. The standard, if displayed, calls round it the whole Mohammedan world ; the Sultan alone, as Caliph and Padisha, can unfurl it. It was brought forth by Mahmûd the Reformer in 1826, when the power of the janissaries was for ever broken and 7,000 of them perished either by the sword or by fire, after a gallant resistance, for they would not yield to the young Sultan whom they had themselves put on the throne. All Stambûl and Pera watched the conflict, well knowing the bloody revenge the relentless janissaries would take on the whole population

if they gained the day. We next visited the Library, which is said to contain several thousand MSS. in Arabic, Persian, and Turkish, and where possibly some day the lost Greek MSS. may be found. But we saw nothing to denote that we were in a place of books; the walls are lined with high white cupboards, all carefully locked, and not a book or MS. was to be seen. We quickly left this disappointing room, and passed on to the Hall of the Divân, or Throne-room, where the Sultans, seated behind a lattice, used to receive the foreign ambassadors. The walls are covered with arabesques and faïence, and a huge divan, with precious stones on the canopy, fills up good part of the hall.

It must be remembered that many of the kiosks and small palaces were burnt in a great fire in 1865, though even before that the Serai was almost deserted for the modern palaces of Charagan and Dolmabaghcheh on the Bosphorus, and it is now only used as the residence of the wives and favourites of former Sultans. Report says that some of these ladies are of a great age. After leaving the Throne-room, on our way to the Baghdad Kiosk, we passed through a part of the Serai where the gardens were more carefully kept up, and on a sunny bank we saw a quantity of silver toilette objects that seemed

to have been newly cleaned, and which our son found out belonged to some of these once powerful favourites, now ending their days in the least ruined of the kiosks of the Serai. The last Sultan who slept in the old Seraglio was Abdul Aziz on his dethronement. He was only here for a few days, when he was removed to Charagan, where he died. The Baghdad Kiosk stands at the top of a lofty flight of white marble steps, and is considered the most exquisite Turkish building now in existence. The walls are all of blue faïence, the doors of ivory and mother-of-pearl, and every carpet and divan and hanging is a masterpiece of Oriental manufacture. And yet, brilliant as are the colours, they are so blended that there is nothing gaudy in the general effect. From this kiosk we had a good view of Pera and Galata across the harbour, which was crowded with vessels of all sorts, from the light kaïk to the ugly steamers with their black smoke that go up the Bosphorus or across the Marmara to the Princes' Islands. In the gardens below us we saw a Corinthian column, called after Theodosius the Great. If, as some people think from a half-effaced inscription, it is of the time of the Emperor Claudius Gothicus, it must be one of the very oldest objects left in the whole city. The oldest of all is the Serpent Column on the Hippodrome, which once sup-

ported the golden tripod of the priestess of Apollo at Delphi. The column was brought to Byzantium by Constantine. Of the three heads of the serpent, all now gone, one is said to have been struck off by Muhammad the Conqueror on his way to St. Sophia. One head is in the museum. The Seraglio Point was covered with various public buildings in the days of the early emperors.

But time was getting on, and though one would willingly have lingered in the lovely Baghdad Kiosk, lounging on the divans, thinking of all the pomp and barbaric splendour, the cruelty too and tragedies of which these gardens were the scene—for we were in the midst of what was once the Harem—and sauntering from one beautiful room to another, we had still to cross the Golden Horn again to visit the Palaces of Beylerbey and Dolmabaghchéh. So we returned through the silent and deserted courts, once crowded with viziers and soldiers, slaves and eunuchs, and all the vast retinue of an Eastern despot, and passing again through the Orta Kapu, our attendant Kavass paying the last bakshish, which he had had to dispense at every separate door and building, we regained our carriages, and crossing the bridge and driving along the Grande Rue de Galata, we reached the landing-place of Topkhâneh, where we found the

imperial ten-oared kaiks awaiting us. This was our first experience of this most luxurious of boats. The imperial kaikjis wore voluminous white trousers, loose shirts of fine white Brûsa silk with gold lines, and of course a fez.

We were rowed up to the Palace of Dolmabaghcheh, which is a very large white marble building, on the European shore of the Bosphorus, lavishly fitted up in modern style. The most striking things are the huge audience hall, said to be the largest room in the world, and the wonderful bath, of immense size, the walls and bath of alabaster, the floor of marble. We were much amused here at a small gallery of pictures, mostly French or native, and very poor. Beyond the audience hall is the Harem now used for those slaves who are no longer in favour, and there is said to be a beautiful garden kept up for them. We often drove past this Palace later on, but on the land side it is entirely hidden by high walls, pierced in two places by elaborately decorated gateways, through one of which the Sultan rides in to the Bairam receptions, surrounded by his court, all mounted. The immense mass of building towards the Bosphorus, with its marble steps down to the water, is very striking. It is by far the largest of all the palaces, but is only used for a few hours twice in the year.

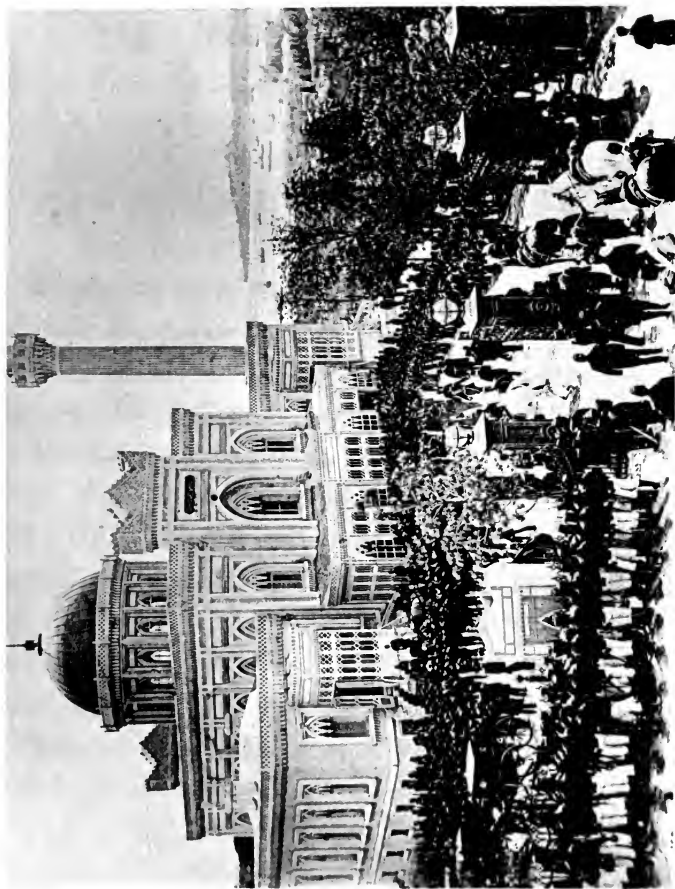
Again we entered the kaiks and were rowed across the Bosphorus, and set foot, many of us for the first time, on Asian soil. The lovely Palace of Beylerbey, of pure white marble, was built by the unfortunate Abdul Aziz. It is now unoccupied, and even unfurnished, though the Sultan has lent it from time to time to royal guests. The internal decorations are exquisite, and entirely Oriental. There is a great hall of columns on the ground floor, with a large marble basin and fountain in the centre. As this part of the Palace has latticed windows, it must formerly have been the Harem. Some of our party climbed the hill garden behind the Palace to see a menagerie formed by Abdul Aziz, but it was very hot, and most of us preferred resting in a marble kiosk hanging over the Bosphorus, whilst the gardeners, at Nedjib Bey's command, picked and brought us bouquets of the roses which flowered in abundance in every nook and corner. From hence we rowed back to the landing-place of Topkhâneh, and when the kaïkjis had been liberally rewarded, our party separated, and our pleasant day was over.

IV

THE SELAMLIK

WE had not been more than a few days at Constantinople, when our Ambassador told us that he had received a message from the Sultan that he was *bien fâché* at not having been informed of my husband's arrival, and that after so gracious a notice we must not fail to attend the next Selamlik—that is, the ceremony of the Sultan going in state to the Mosque on Fridays, attendance at which is looked on by H.I.M. as a mark of respect.

Friday came, and about eleven o'clock our son called for us in a carriage with an Embassy Kavass on the box. A Kavass is a native servant appointed by the Sultan to the various Embassies and Legations. They are paid and clothed by their employers, and are answerable to the Sultan for the safety of those on whom they attend. In old days if any accident happened to a member of a Legation or Embassy,



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the wretched Kavass, whether in fault or not, forfeited his life. Those who have read *Paul Patoff* will remember the terror of the Kavass on Alexander Patoff's mysterious disappearance from St. Sophia. There are six Kavasses at the British Embassy. Their undress uniform is dark blue cloth, thickly braided in black, with a broad gold belt and gold straps over the shoulder. They all carry a sword, and have a revolver in a gold pouch slung from the waist-belt. The dress uniform is a fine shade of crimson, also thickly braided, and only worn on State occasions when in attendance on the Ambassador.

We were all in morning dress, uniform being worn but seldom by the diplomatic corps at Constantinople. Our way was along the new part of the Grande Rue, the only handsome street in Pera, rebuilt after the great fire of 1870, which destroyed the British Embassy. Here are all the best shops, the Club House, and the Spanish Ministry. A sharp turn to the right led us to the Grand Champ des Morts, still used for burials. This was our first sight of a Turkish cemetery with its turban-crowned tombstones, standing at any and every angle from the perpendicular, many even fallen down, and giving one that general impression of neglect conveyed by

all Turkish cemeteries. The redeeming points are the huge cypresses planted by hundreds in every cemetery, large and small, and of a size quite unknown in England. They form a striking feature in every distant view of the city, as they surround each mosque, their dark foliage forming a strong contrast to the glittering white minarets. On the hills, as at Scutari and the Grands Champs des Morts, they stand out like black pillars against the bright blue sky. The Turkish women are fond of spending whole days sitting on their carpets in the cemeteries, not from any deep affection for the dead, for the Turk cares little for the body when once buried—the soul, the true being they loved, is safe in Paradise, though only from the moment that the body is laid in the ground. For this reason the funerals take place as soon as possible after death, and if you meet a Turkish funeral, the procession is hurrying along in what appears to us the most indecorous haste, so that the soul may the more quickly attain to its final bliss. A devout Turk, passing a coffin, will give his aid to the bearers, exhausted by the speed at which they go. This aid, if only given for forty paces, secures the pardon of a heavy crime. There is a small disused cemetery just below the castle at Rumili Hissar, sloping down to the waters of the Bosphorus,

which is a very favourite resort of the Turkish women of the place. I think we never passed up or down the Bosphorus without seeing a number of white-clad veiled figures, sitting about there on their bright carpets, particularly under a splendid plane-tree surrounded by bright green turf just on the borders of the cemetery. The tombstones on the women's graves are narrow upright stones, with a leafy design in gold traced upon them; the number of their children is denoted by the number of flowers springing from the leaves, and but few of the stones we saw had leaves alone. The sweet scent of the cypresses is said to prevent any ill effects from prolonged visits to the cemeteries.

Opposite the Grands Champs is the huge palace of the German Embassy with its unrivalled view across the Bosphorus. A steep zigzag road led us down to the fine marble Palace of Dolmabahchch on the Bosphorus, now only used at the great Bairam receptions. Built by Sultan Abdul Medjid, it was a favourite residence of its builder and of the unfortunate Abdul Aziz. It was from this Palace that he was carried off, after his dethronement in 1876, first to the Seraglio and then to the Palace of Cheragan, a little further up the Bosphorus, where his life soon came to its untimely end. From this

point the road along the whole suburb of Beshiktash was crowded with troops on their way to the Selamlık. At each cross street we passed whole companies standing at ease after a long and dusty march (for some regiments come from the most distant parts of Stamboul, even from outside the old walls), wiping their accoutrements and dusty boots, their officers in fullest uniform resting outside the many cafés which line the street, smoking and sipping coffee. A sharp turn to the left and inland led to the steep ascent to the Palace of Yildiz, where the Sultan always lives, and which he now only quits to visit the Mosque, a stone's throw from the gates of Yildiz, or when, twice a year, he receives the dignitaries of the kingdom on the occasion of the Bairam festivals at Dolmabahcheh. Even the yearly visit to the old Seraglio at the feast of Ramazan to view the mantle of the Prophet is not always observed, and when the Sultan does make up his mind to undertake it, the route is kept a close secret to the last moment, so great is his fear of assassination. Formerly, when the Sultans inhabited one of the palaces on the Bosphorus, the procession was by water to the foot of the Seraglio Point, in the huge gilded kaiks—100 feet long and manned by twenty-six kaikjis—that are now laid up in a building on the

harbour, at the mouth of the Golden Horn, and must have been a magnificent sight, as the whole court was in attendance. On landing they mounted superb horses, and rode up through the gardens to the Bab-i-Humayûn. The present Sultan has entirely abandoned the visits to St. Sophia on the seven holy nights after Ramazan, when the Korân came down from heaven. The same state was observed as on the entry to the present Bairam receptions at Dolma-baghcheh; only that the imaums of all the chief mosques were in the procession.

The latticed windows of the houses show that all this quarter is Turkish. In the poorer houses, where the women of the family do the work, the whole house is latticed. In the richer houses, where slaves are kept, only the harem is thus guarded, whilst in the selamlık, or men's part, where the women never enter, the windows are free. The active little Arab horses took the steep hill at a gallop, and we had scarcely time to notice the various groups of foot passengers, all pressing up the hill to the same spot: Arabs in their turbans and long shapeless coats; solemn Turks in fez and frock-coat, sometimes leading a little boy whose dress was the ditto of their own; women of the lower classes, with their white headgear; dervishes in their tall brown caps, like Irish hats without

a brim ; gaily-dressed Turkish grooms leading exquisite horses, splendidly caparisoned, whose masters, equally splendid, awaited them above near the Palace ; Ulemahs, Sheikhs, Muftis, all bent on a sight of the Sultan, whom they reverence not merely as their sovereign, but as the Caliph, the successor or vicar of the Prophet.

At last we drew up opposite the Mosque, before a low, white building, from the windows of which those introduced by the diplomatic corps can see the ceremony. We passed across a terrace on which stood the people who had not secured tickets of admission, and where crowds of Pashas and aides-de-camp were waiting till the time came to take their appointed places. After giving our visiting cards at the door of the building, we entered and found we were in good time to secure front places in one of the windows. The scene was already full of life and interest. Exactly opposite across the road rose the small white Mosque, standing in the midst of a large gravelled space. To the right, just beyond the road by which we had climbed the hill, were massed two large bodies of cavalry, one mounted on grey, the other on brown horses. They were what we should call lancers, and their red pennons shone in the bright sunlight. In front of them were many

hundreds of Turkish women, their heads covered with the large white linen covering which marks the poorer classes, as distinguished from the yashmak, or fine muslin headdress worn by ladies. A corner of this linen is drawn over the mouth. The male spectators, in their varied garments, stood where they could. And now the first band was heard, and the line regiments one after another marched swiftly up the hill and took up their positions all down the various roads that surround the Mosque. Immediately under our windows were two regiments of Zouaves, with green turbans and loose red trousers, and white gaiters. They came down the hill from the direction of the Palace, with a fine, swinging elastic step, preceded by their band. Opposite across the road were the regiment of marines, with their large sailor collars. In all about 8,000 troops are massed each week round the Mosque, a splendid sight in itself, for the Turkish soldiers are well drilled, and well clothed, while the officers' uniforms are resplendent with gold lace and generally covered with orders. Men and officers alike wear the fez. A brilliant company of mounted officers had gradually been gathering under our windows, and opposite us were a group of boys in rich uniforms. These were the Princes, the Sultan's sons, and the boys who are

educated with them. Whilst the troops are waiting, the water-carriers pass to and fro among them, and we saw the tin cups eagerly held out and passed by the front rows to those in the back.

At this moment some one near us exclaimed: 'Here comes His Excellency,' and looking out, we saw our Ambassador driving up the hill, his carriage preceded by two mounted Kavasses in their state crimson uniforms. Presently a number of small carts drawn by donkeys or ponies, and filled with gravel, came past, and the contents were quickly spread over the road in front of us, down which the Sultan will pass. This is the last act of preparation, and now every one below us is on the *qui vive*. Servants hurry towards the Mosque, carrying small black port-manteaux in which are the epaulettes, orders, &c., of their masters, who have marched or driven up without their decorations, and who will meet the Sultan at the Mosque without joining the procession. The Chief Eunuch is pointed out to us, a very tall, stout, elderly negro who, preceded by his servant bearing the port-manteau, descends leisurely towards the Mosque. He ranks as third Altesse in the kingdom, taking precedence even of the young Khedive of Egypt. Just then a message came that we were to go to the Ambassador's kiosk nearer the Palace, which we did, and

found we had a far better view, looking on one side to the gates of Yildiz, and on the other to the hill which rose behind the cavalry. We had hardly taken our places when some one said: 'Here come the ladies of the harem,' and a procession of about six closed carriages, splendidly appointed, descended from Yildiz, and, passing in front of our windows, turned in at the iron gates of the court of the Mosque. Here they are drawn up one behind the other, the horses are taken out, and the ladies see what they can from under the half-drawn blinds. Each carriage has its own hideous black attendant. The Valideh Sultan, the Sultan's mother, takes precedence. The present Valideh Sultan is really Abdul Hamid's nurse, his own mother died when he was born. As the carriages passed us, we could only catch a glimpse of the brilliant pink and blue and yellow brocades worn by the ladies, except that on one occasion a young daughter of the Sultan, not yet old enough to be veiled, passed in one of the carriages and looked up at us with an expression of great curiosity and interest.

By this time the court of the Mosque was filled by Pashas, aides-de-camp, and officials of all sorts in glittering uniforms, only leaving room for the Sultan's carriage and those who are in his procession. And now we look up at the minaret,

and see that the muezzin has appeared on the gallery, which runs round it high up, for it is some time past twelve, and he only awaits the moment of the Sultan leaving his palace to begin his shrill call to prayer. All this time various bands have been playing one after another, entirely European music; but now they pause, and we hear faintly borne on the breeze, for he has turned towards the south and has the minaret between us and him, the muezzin's first call: 'God is great. I bear witness there is no god but God. I bear witness that Mohammed is the Apostle of God. Come hither to prayers. Come hither to salvation. God is great. There is no god but God.' As the muezzin moves round the cry becomes more audible. Hark! there is a tramp of feet on the fresh-strewn gravel; it is the long line of Pashas who head the procession, all in splendid uniforms, covered with orders, marching one behind the other on each side of the road, down the hill from the Palace to the entrance of the Mosque, where they draw up in front of those already waiting there. They are followed by some five or six officials, ministers who walk together in the middle of the road.

Now we hear the first notes of the 'Hamideyeh,' the Sultan's march. His Imperial Majesty has passed

the gates of Yildiz, and every neck is turned to catch the first glimpse of his magnificent carriage. Listen to the cheers, taken up by each regiment as he passes, not the ringing cheers of the English, nor the *Rah-rah* of the Swedes, nor the loud *Hoch* of the Germans, nor the quick *Viva* of the Italians, but something like a deep, earnest, prolonged hum, solemn, yet heart-stirring. And now the green enamelled and richly gilded barouche comes in sight, drawn by two glorious black horses covered with gold harness, driven by a man in bright blue and gold livery, on each side the grooms in blue and gold, and every man in sight, naval, military, civil, master or servant, in the all-pervading, but all-becoming fez! In the carriage sits a small yet stately man, in a simple cloth military overcoat, with no order or decoration of any sort, only his curved sword, and a fez like all the rest; his large hooked nose proclaims his Armenian mother, his piercing eyes are raised to our window as he passes, and one feels he recognizes some of the faces there, but his face is still and immovable, and he salutes no one, though his whole person has a faint swaying motion, so faint that it may only be caused by the movement of the carriage. Opposite His Imperial Majesty sits Osman Ghazi, the hero of Plevna, almost his only intimate

friend, whom he trusts implicitly. The carriage is followed by six superb riding-horses, pure Arabs, each led by a groom.

Slowly the glittering *cortège* passes, turns in at the Mosque gates, amid the cheers of the surrounding Pashas, and draws up at the marble steps to the left of the public entrance. As the Sultan steps out of his carriage in his simple dress, the centre of this gorgeous pageant, the muezzin above leans over the gallery of the minaret and utters his last cry, addressed to the Sultan, and only used on this occasion, 'Remember there is One greater than thou.' And so the Sultan passes into the Mosque and is lost to sight, and the Pashas hurry in at the public entrance to join in the prayers. When the attendance is very large and the small Mosque is overcrowded, prayer-carpets are brought out into the court of the Mosque, that all may join in the service. Faintly through the open doors we hear the nasal sing-song of the prayers, and we can watch the worshippers outside as they prostrate themselves at the name of Allah, rising and falling in perfect unison.

Now we have time to talk to our friends, and are made acquainted with the French Ambassador, the Swedish Minister, and others. Black-robed attendants

bring in the most excellent tea and carry round cigarettes, and the time of waiting passes pleasantly away. After a while the Grand Master of Ceremonies enters, charged with his Imperial master's greetings. To our surprise, he tells us that we are to be received in private audience after the Sultan has seen the French and English Ambassadors. When the weather is cooler, the troops march past the Sultan, who appears after the prayers at the window of a small building which joins on to the Mosque, as a vestry does in our churches. But it is too hot to-day, and the troops begin slowly to move away, without music. A cloud of dust to the right shows where the cavalry are passing, and soon the various regiments have dispersed, except those lining the direct road to the Palace. As we look out we see that they all turned towards the Mosque as soon as the Sultan had passed by. In a little over half an hour the prayer-carpet is taken up, and the Pashas inside the Mosque begin to reappear and crowd the court. Then a low open phaeton with two fine horses, snow white, a present from the Emperor of Austria, is led round to the marble steps, and the Sultan comes out, whilst the Pashas bow to the very ground. He gets in, the hood is pulled up, and his Majesty, driving himself, starts for the

Palace at a smart trot, grooms, aides-de-camp and Pashas, thin and stout, all running behind. His Imperial Majesty looks now neither to right nor left, and quickly disappears behind the Palace gates, and the Selamlık is over.

V

THE PALACE OF YILDIZ

I HAVE already mentioned that we were to be received in private audience by the Sultan after the Selamlık. We were shown through one or two rooms, into a small audience chamber, simply furnished except for the rich carpets, where we found H.I.M., the Grand Master of Ceremonies, the English Ambassador, and the First Dragoman, who acted as interpreter; for it is not etiquette for the Sultan to speak, or even appear to understand, any language but Turkish, though he is a good French scholar.

Nothing could be more flattering than the reception accorded to my husband or more gracious than H.I.M.'s manner to me and our son. Cigarettes were offered, the Sultan himself striking and handing on the match. We were all seated on chairs in a circle, the Sultan placing me immediately on his right. He had read one of my husband's works in

a French translation, and seemed much gratified at our expressions of admiration of what we had already seen of his beautiful capital. On rising to dismiss us, he presented my husband with the Order of the Medjidieh, highest class, and, offering me his arm, led me to the door of the room, a mark of the greatest condescension, and much commented on as such in the papers the next morning.

The Sultan had said that we were to see his private museum, library, and garden, and accordingly when we left we found one of the chamberlains and the Grand Ecuyer¹ waiting to show us those parts of the Palace to which no strangers are admitted. I believe we were the first foreigners (except the famous traveller Vambéry, who is an intimate friend of the Sultan) who had ever visited these parts of the Palace. Leaving the kiosk where we had been received, immediately behind the room used by the ambassadors at the Selamlik, we walked up the steep hill down which the Sultan drives to the Mosque, and passing through the principal entrance to Yildiz, we turned to the left. On our right rose the high bare Harem walls, higher than any prison walls in England; a closed and carefully guarded

¹ A most attractive man, now in banishment as an active member of the 'Young Turkey' party.

doorway admitted us inside these walls. Leaving a beautiful kiosk to our left, and passing through a narrow passage, we came suddenly on a scene of marvellous beauty. Yildiz stands on the summit of the highest hill of the capital, and here before us lay a large lake or artificial river, covered with kaïks and boats of all shapes, an electric launch among others. The gardens sloped to the lake on all sides, the lawns as green, the turf as well kept as in the best English gardens. Exquisite shrubs and palms were planted in every direction, whilst the flower borders were a blaze of colour. The air was almost heavy with the scent of orange blossom, and gardeners were busy at every turn sprinkling the turf, even the crisp gravel walks, with water. The Harem wall, now on our right, rose no longer bare, but covered to the very top with yellow and white Banksia roses, heliotrope, sweet verbena, passion flowers, &c. Thousands of white or silvery-grey pigeons—the Prophet's bird—flew in and out of a huge pigeon-house, built against the walls, half hidden by the creepers, and the whole scene was lighted up by the brilliant Eastern sunlight, in which every object stands out so clearly that one's sense of distance is almost lost. At the end of the lake is a duck decoy, where H.I.M. often amuses himself with shooting, and

far beyond this we could catch glimpses of the park sloping away towards the Bosphorus.

Beyond the pigeon-house we entered a building consisting of one long room, filled with treasures. This is the Sultan's private museum. Here are collected and beautifully arranged all the presents that he has received, as well as innumerable valuable objects that belonged to some of his predecessors. Countless clocks and watches, inlaid armour, objects in jade, caskets, wonderfully bound books, china of all sorts, pictures, miniatures, jewelled ornaments of every kind, all so arranged in their cases that one could examine and enjoy them, a delightful contrast to the confusion in which the treasures of the old Seraglio are heaped together. One upright case contained four dozen of the most perfect deep blue Sèvres plates, a present from the Emperor Napoleon, sunk into velvet, twenty-four on each side of the stand. Each plate was a picked and perfect specimen. The right names were not always attached to the objects, and we found a miniature painting which we recognized as Lord Palmerston marked as the Prince Consort! We could have spent hours in examining everything, but time was limited, and we were taken on to the private stables, still within the Harem walls, holding twelve of the most perfect

Arabs, used by the Sultan for riding and driving in the park of Yildiz. They were all white or grey. Of course we saw no dogs anywhere—they are held of no repute in the East; but I was told the Sultan possesses a peculiarly fine breed of white Angora cats, to which he is devoted, and he sometimes gives the progeny to his friends, but I saw none of them. The only pet we saw was a large cockatoo at the Harem gate, which uttered some unknown sounds—I suppose Turkish—as we passed.

On leaving the Harem gate, where the Chamberlain took leave of us, we found two carriages, which were to take us to the stables. We drove round outside the Harem walls, but still inside the boundary wall of Yildiz, through a park full of fine trees, that, but for the distant views of the Bosphorus, recalled many a park at home, till we reached a long stone building, the stables, where all the mares are kept. Black and white grooms in fine liveries stood about in all directions, and we walked down the middle, admiring the beautiful creatures in their stalls, on both sides, with their sleek coats, their graceful limbs, their soft and intelligent eyes. The Grand Ecuyer ordered the most beautiful of them—a snow-white mare, with a long curved tail, exactly like the pictures of Turks and their horses—to be saddled and put through her

paces for us. She knew she was being shown off, and acquitted herself admirably, like any stately beauty well aware of her own charms. We then drove on to another large stable filled with horses, all stallions, and most of them as vicious to strangers as they are beautiful. Here were horses of various breeds—among others the two white Austrians driven by the Sultan from the Mosque—and some very powerful black Russian horses, which we were warned not to approach. All the arrangements of the stables were of the most modern and approved fashion. Another fine horse was saddled here, and ridden up and down by one of the grooms. Outside this stable were several large buildings, roofed in, but open at the side; these are for sheltering the countless multitudes of poor people whom the Sultan feeds at the Bairam festival which ends the long fast of Ramazan; many thousands are entertained each night. We drove back as we had come, and taking leave of the Grand Ecuyer at the gate of Yildiz, and expressing our delight with all we had seen, we got into our carriages and drove home.

Two nights afterwards, when my husband and son were dining at the Palace, the Sultan said to my husband, when he expressed his interest in all that had been shown us at Yildiz, ‘You have not seen my

private library, which I particularly wish you to visit.' We mentioned this to Sadik Bey, the charming Palace aide-de-camp appointed by H.I.M. to attend us everywhere and show us everything during our whole stay, and to whose unfailing friendliness and attention we owe so much of the pleasure of our time at Constantinople. Sadik Bey at once arranged a visit for the next day.

Again we passed the chief entrance of Yildiz, but turned at once to our right, outside the Harem walls, and soon reached a kiosk, of one long and lofty room, the private library of the Sultan. Here we found a charming old Turkish librarian, speaking no language but his own, but proud of and devoted to the books under his care. He had six or eight intelligent assistants. We were soon seated at a table, a carefully prepared and very full catalogue before us, and our friend Sadik Bey at hand as interpreter. It was touching to see the genuine anxiety of the old librarian to find any book my husband wished to examine, and he was ably seconded by his assistants. They first brought us some exquisite Persian MSS., beautifully illuminated and bound; and when we made them understand that my husband would like to see any books in the library from India, they eagerly produced all they had, but they proved to

be chiefly modern works on music. After they had brought us some fine MSS. of the Korân with glosses and commentaries, they asked us to walk about and examine the general contents of the building. The bookcases were of the best construction, with movable shelves, and at one end we found a very good collection of English, French, and German classics. The centre of the room was occupied by glass cases, filled with gorgeously bound, illustrated works, chiefly gifts to the Sultan. Whilst my husband, with the aid of Sadik Bey, was talking to the old librarian, the assistants showed my son and me some fine photographs of places in the Sultan's dominions and of public buildings in Stambûl.

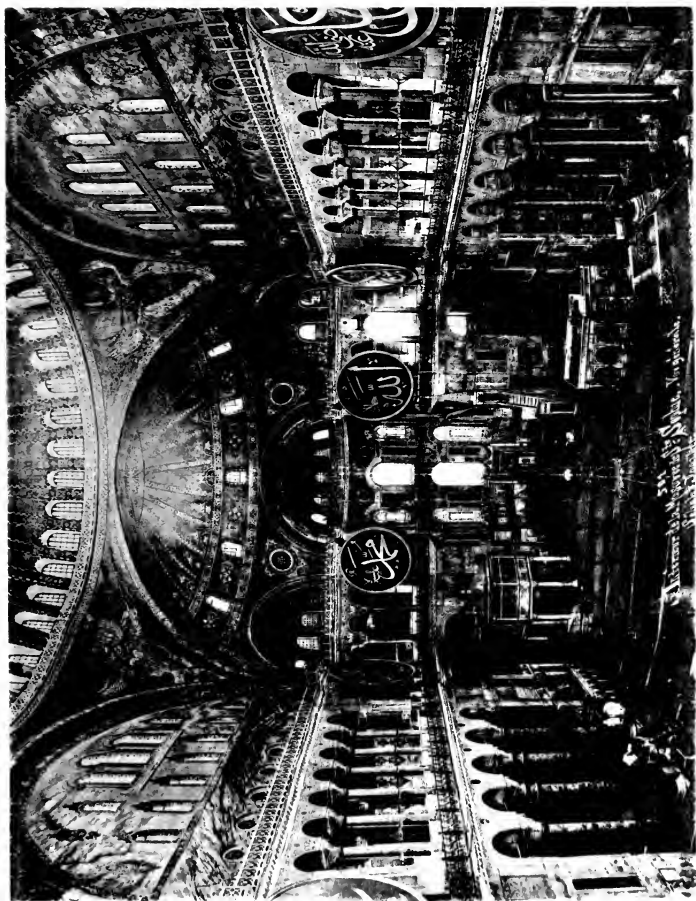
Nothing could exceed their courtesy and attention and evident wish to make our visit pleasant to us. The Sultan had sent word that we were coming, and we heard from the librarian that H.I.M. takes deep interest in all the arrangements of the library, and visits it almost every day, and that he had already ordered that my husband's books, which he had begged leave to present to the Sultan, should occupy a prominent place when they arrived. We left most unwillingly, accompanied to the door by the venerable librarian and all his staff, who took leave of us with the usual graceful Eastern salutation of

the deep bow, with the right hand laid first on the heart, then on the head—a sign of devotion which we felt they had fully carried out in their courteous attention during the two hours of our visit.

VI

THE PROPHET

THE establishment of a museum of classical, i.e. pagan, antiquities at Constantinople is one of the signs of the times. The Greek statues placed round the building, which are almost all headless, show how these relics of classical antiquity used to be treated in former times. At present, though no attempt is made to repair these mutilated works of art—and all archaeologists will be grateful for this—every ancient fragment is carefully collected, and, if possible, put back into its right place. This is a new departure, and, like many other things—nay, more even than railways, electric telegraphs, and daily papers—must convince us that Turkey has been decidedly progressing, and is by no means doomed to that stagnation which many people regard as inevitable in Mohammedan countries. That Mohammedanism is incompatible with progress is one of the many stereo-



INTERIOR OF ST. SOPHIA

typed phrases which hide a small grain of truth under a large amount of error. Mohammedans are no doubt firmly attached to their religion and to their ancient customs and traditions. Their traditions are almost as sacred to them as the Korân, and they are constantly appealed to as regulating the daily affairs of life. The Turks are a decidedly religious and conservative people, and in some respects narrow-minded and superstitious. They are averse to every kind of philosophical speculation, and though the mysticism of the Sûfis has found some adherents among them, the general feeling is opposed to anything that savours of free thought. Many things tolerated in Persia would not be approved of in Turkey. It is a real pleasure to see with what sincerity the Turks perform their religious duties. In the streets and in the bazaars one frequently sees common people, soldiers, porters, or beggars, throw themselves down on their knees and their faces to say their prayers. The Mosques are daily visited by people, mostly men, old and young, who go in to pray and then return home to their ordinary duties. Nothing is done for show and nothing disturbs the faithful in their prayers. On Fridays all the Mosques are full, and the chief occupation seems to be silent prayer, or listening to the reading of the Korân,

or to some kind of religious, moral, or even political address. To see in St. Sophia the Imâm ascending the Mihrâb, leaning on his sword, and then delivering his address with his sword flashing over his shoulder, is a sight worth seeing, whatever reflections it may rouse in our hearts. The address is not only of a moral and religious, but sometimes also of a political character, and the common people listen to it as they would listen to a chapter from the Korân. Unfortunately, like the sacred codes of other religions, the Korân also contains not only the fundamental principles of faith, but likewise a number of minute rules of conduct. Some of these rules of conduct, though they were applicable to the life of the Beduins in the desert, need not, nay cannot, be applicable to life in one of the modern capitals of Europe, and to a society totally different from that which Mohammed had before him when he laid down his code of morals. The wise words ascribed to Mohammed, *‘I am no more than a man: when I order you anything with respect to religion, receive it; but when I order you anything about the affairs of the world, then I am nothing more than a man,’* seem to have been quite forgotten by his followers. Yet since the days of Mohammed everything in the affairs of the world is changed, and many of the rules of the

Prophet have ceased to be applicable to the new circumstances. The feelings with which the victorious hordes of the early Caliphs looked upon all who were not of their faith, exist no longer, least of all in a town like Constantinople, which is swarming with so-called unbelievers, where some of the highest offices are held by Christians, and where Christians and Mohammedans sit side by side in steamers, tramcars, and railways, smoking and reading their newspapers. It would be too much to say that in the lower and middle classes the hostile feeling against foreigners and Christians is extinct. If there is any disturbance in the streets, or any fear of a political rising in the provinces, the slumbering hatred against 'Christian dogs' can easily be roused. Every orthodox Turk is convinced that people who do not accept the Korân go to *Laza*, or the Blazing Fire. But that is in the next world, not in this. We must not expect too much. We know what Puritan narrowness is capable of in other countries. It was not so very long ago that certain members of the Free Church of Scotland declared that people who approve of organs in church cannot escape damnation. The Turk is in many respects a Puritan, if not a Scotchman, and his religious fanaticism can easily be roused. We have heard much of Turkish atrocities

in Bulgaria, but in war what nation is free from that charge? If the Turk is 'unspeakable,' what were the Bulgarian Christians when they had gained the upper hand, and when the hour of revenge had struck! The Turkish soldier is certainly taught by his present teachers that the more Christians he kills in war, the safer is his entry into Paradise: need we wonder that he tries to make his entry doubly sure? But, like every other sacred book, the Korân enjoins clemency towards captives, and prohibits particularly cruelty to women and children. It is a pity that the ordinary Turk does not know the Korân. He does not understand Arabic, and no Turkish translation is allowed. A few years ago a Mohammedan was solemnly excommunicated in Madras because he recited verses of the Korân in Hindustani, and not in Arabic. A Mohammedan in Turkey, unless he knows Arabic, has to accept whatever his spiritual guides teach him. There are no Mohammedan clergy in our sense of the word. There is a class of educated men, possessed of theological learning, called *Ulemahs*, and out of their number the *Imâms* or leaders of public prayers are chosen by the congregations, while the *Muftis*, the legal advisers, and the *Kazis*, the judges, are appointed by Government. The teaching of the *Ulemahs* is naturally imbued with their own ideas, and one of

these ideas is a dislike of Christianity, whether for religious or for political reasons. In times of religious or political excitement these men have great influence, and can do much mischief by defeating the more enlightened and tolerant policy of the Government.

But if the Turks are to blame for their ignorance and dislike of Christianity, how much more are Christians to blame for the contemptuous way in which they speak of the Mohammedan religion! Christian theologians cannot plead ignorance of the Korân, for the Korân has been translated again and again, and though a knowledge of the tradition in its various forms is requisite for an accurate knowledge of Mohammedan theology, a sufficient knowledge of the Mohammedan religion may be gained from a careful perusal of the Korân itself. There are no two religions in such perfect agreement on all essential points as Christianity and Islam. They are sisters, daughters of the same Father, and inspired by the same Spirit. If it had not been for a misunderstanding of certain doctrines of Christianity on the part of Mohammed, there can be little doubt that Christianity, pure and simple, would have been accepted by the Prophet and his followers in Arabia. It is admitted on all sides, and by no one more clearly than by Mohammed himself, that he derived his

information or inspiration from Jewish and Christian sources. Mohammed's adversaries also seem to have been fully aware of this, for in denying his prophetic authority they declared that it was only some mortal that had taught him. Two Jews are mentioned by name, Jabr and Yasâr, who are credited with having recited the Old Testament to Mohammed. Among his wives there were *Rihânân*, a Jewess, and *Mâviyah*, a Coptic Christian. Mohammed himself could not read, and it is to be regretted that his knowledge of Judaism and Christianity did not reach him through a pure and more direct channel. The Christian sects with which he came in contact had corrupted Christianity and misrepresented some of its leading doctrines. When Christian teachers were actually disputing whether the Virgin Mary was a goddess and whether she was immaculate, we need not wonder that Mohammed and his followers turned away in disgust and despair, and declared the whole doctrine of the Trinity to be Tritheism and subversive of Monotheism, the life-spring of their faith. It was at that time supposed that the Christian Trinity consisted of Father, Mother, and Son—*Allah*, the Father, *Maryam*, the Virgin Mary, and *Al-Masîh*, the Messiah, the Son. In later times Baidhawî takes a more correct view, and states that in his day some Christian explained

to him that the Trinity consisted really of *Ab*, the Father, or the Divine Essence, of *Ibn*, the Son, or the Wisdom of God, and of *Râhu'l Qudus*, the Life of God.

To Mohammed, with his strong aversion to the polytheistic idolatry of his countrymen, anything that savoured of a belief in more than one God was abomination, and it can hardly be doubted that it was this feeling which determined him to break with Christianity, though not with Christ. No founder of a new religion has ever spoken with such reverence of the founder of another religion as Mohammed of Christ. Mohammed believed that God had at sundry times spoken through prophets, but among these prophets no one held so high a position in Mohammed's eyes as Jesus (*Isah*). He calls Jesus *Isâ'l Masîh*, 'Jesus the Messiah,' and *Râhun min Allâh*, 'the Spirit of God.' He is the 'Messenger of God, illustrious in this world as a prophet, and in the next as the intercessor.' Mohammed shrinks from calling Christ the Son of God, because he knows how that name had been misunderstood; but he gives Him even a higher name, *Kalimatu'llâh*, 'the Word of God,' or the Logos. This is the highest term that human thought and human language have ever produced, much higher and purer than even 'Son of God.' Though it may

seem doubtful whether Mohammed could have appreciated the profound meaning of 'Word of God,' it is quite clear that he was fully alive to the danger of the misapprehension which from very early times was caused by the metaphorical expression of 'Son of God.' We know how some of the earliest Christian Apologists also thought it necessary to protest against the idea that God could beget a son. And Mohammed says in the same spirit: 'It becometh not God to beget a Son. Glory be to Him!' In another passage, where Mohammed is made to remember the Annunciation, we read: 'Remember, when the Angel said, "O Mary! Verily God announceth to thee the Word from Him: His name shall be, Messiah Jesus, the son of Mary, illustrious in this world and in the next, and one of those who have near access to God: and He shall speak to men alike when in the cradle and when grown up, and He shall be one of the just," . . . She said, "How, O my Lord! shall I have a son, when man hath not touched me?" He said, "Thus: God will create what He will; when He decreeth a thing, He only saith, Be, and it is." And He will teach Him the Book, and the Wisdom and the Law, and the Evangel: and He shall be an apostle to the children of Israel.'

But while Mohammed shows everywhere this high

appreciation of Jesus, he speaks with undisguised contempt of the disputes of the Christian sects among themselves, and of the corruptions which they had allowed to enter into the pure doctrine of Christ. His own conception of God was much more that of the Old than of the New Testament, and the influences of the Old Testament on the Korân are far more numerous and palpable than those of the New. But Mohammed blames both Jews and Christians for having corrupted the pure teaching of their prophets, and he appeals to their squabbles as showing that they are all wrong. Thus he says: 'The sects have fallen at variance among themselves.' And again: 'The Jews say, "The Christians lean on naught." "On naught lean the Jews," say the Christians. Yet both are readers of the Book. . . . But on the resurrection day, God shall judge between them as to that on which they differ. . . . The East and the West are God's: therefore whichever way ye turn, there is the face of God.' . . . In all his protests against Christianity, Mohammed does not protest against true, but only against false, Christianity, the only one he knew. If we recollect this, we shall be able to join in the very words of his protests. 'Believe therefore in God and His apostles, and say not Three!' (Surâh iv. 169). Surely we ourselves

should stand on the side of Mohammed, and not on the side of those Christian sectarians whose Trinity was the Father, Mary, and the Messiah. Mohammed appeals to Christ Himself to show that He never claimed to be a god or the equal of God. Thus we read (Surâh v. 112): ‘And when God shall say—“O Jesus, son of Mary, hast Thou said unto mankind, Take me and my mother as two gods besides God?” He shall say—“Glory be unto Thee! it is not for me to say that which I know to be not the truth; had I said that, verily Thou wouldst have known it. Thou knowest what is in me, but I know not what is in Thee; for Thou knowest things unseen.”’

It was not only in order to suppress the abominable idolatry of his countrymen, but likewise in order to remove the errors which had crept both into Judaism and Christianity, that Mohammed felt himself called upon to proclaim a new religion. And yet he does not call his religion a new one. Many prophets, he said, had taught the same faith before him, but people had hearkened but little to their words. He was sent as the last prophet, he did not claim to be the greatest among the prophets. Mohammed is called the apostle of God, but he does not claim to be the only, nor even the greatest, apostle.

If Mohammed had rightly understood the character of Christ as the Word of God, and in that sense only the Son of God, he might have become the most powerful apostle of Christianity in Arabia, and in the whole world. If the Christians with whom he came in contact had not corrupted the idea of Son of God into blasphemous mythology, Mohammed might have become a Christian, a new prophet of the truth as preached by Moses and Christ. It is the misunderstood doctrine of the Trinity that has deprived Christianity of millions of believers, and turned Mohammed from a friend into a foe. If we would but understand the noble aims of Mohammed, particularly during the early stages of his career, we should not grudge him the title of Prophet. The fact remains that he has planted a pure religion where there was nothing but crude idolatry before. At the present day Mohammed can claim the allegiance of at least 170,000,000 of human souls, 5,975,000 in Europe, 50,416,000 in Africa, and 112,739,000 in Asia. Does not such a man deserve the name of Prophet?

F. M. M.

VII

THE MOSQUES AND TÜRBEHS

I DO not intend to give a detailed account of the many Mosques and Türbehs or Tombs we visited during our stay in Turkey, I only wish to convey, if possible, the general effect produced by the most striking of them on one's own mind. Later on, at Brûsa, we saw Mosques built in the true Mohammedan style. Those at Constantinople are either old Christian churches, as St. Sophia and others, or Mosques built on the plan of the Aya Sophia Jamisi.

There is nothing in the exterior of St. Sophia that strikes the eye or the imagination. The great central dome, with its four half-domes, is hardly seen as one stands below, and all round it are schools and baths and türbehs and kitchens, such as one finds round every Mosque. But enter the narthex or atrium, bury your feet in the felt slippers provided to cover the boots, unless you prefer going barefoot, and then step into the nave, or one might more



TURBEH OF MAHMÛD II

properly call it the grand hall, covered by the great central dome and two semi-domes, and let the vast space gradually assert its influence on you, whilst the eye travels up from the broad arches of the ground floor to the smaller arches of the galleries, and you will be almost prepared to endorse Fergusson's verdict, and pronounce it 'the most beautiful and most perfect church which has yet been erected by any Christian people.' The lower arches rest on four immense columns of *verde antico*, said to have been brought from the temple of Diana at Ephesus; the lighter columns of the gallery are of the same material. The recesses at each corner of the central hall are supported by deep red porphyry columns, believed to have come from the Temple of the Sun at Baalbek, whilst on many of the purely Byzantine capitals may still be traced the monograms of Justinian and Theodora, who erected the present building on the site of the old basilicas built by Constantine and Theodosius, both of which were successively burnt. The domes and walls were once entirely covered with mosaics, of which very lovely bits on a deep blue, almost black, ground can still be found in the galleries; but the great mosaics of the dome are plastered over, except the figures of the four archangels beneath the dome. As Mecca is farther

south than Jerusalem, the Mihrâb, which must point to Mecca, is not in the centre of the eastern apse, but a little to the south of it. Not far off is the column bearing, high up, a mark like a bloody hand, supposed to show how high Muhammad the Conqueror could reach, as he rode in triumph into the church, over the bodies of the slaughtered worshippers. On visiting the galleries we saw the closed door through which the priest who was celebrating mass at the moment is supposed to have fled with the sacred elements, the door closing behind him, so that it could never be opened. When the Turks are driven out of Constantinople, and St. Sophia becomes again a Christian church, he will reappear, and resume the interrupted service.

But the time to see St. Sophia is at the Friday prayer. It is not easy to gain admission except at the Bairam, and we had not asked Sadik Bey to take us, feeling he would not like that what to him was so sacred should be treated as a mere sight. However, guarded by a Kavass, and in company of our son, we got admission to the galleries, and took care to place ourselves at the west end, where we should be behind the worshippers. We went some time before noon, intending to walk about the church again, but that was not allowed, as the faithful were already assem-

bling. Viewed from above, the long lines of prayer-carpet slightly askew, so as to face the Mihrâb, had a curious effect. But ere long every carpet was occupied, rich and poor kneeling side by side, with space enough between the rows for the worshippers, when kneeling, to touch the ground with their foreheads. Of course they were all men. There is a hidden corner where women may go, but from what I could gather, only the poorest classes ever attend. The service began, a sort of low chanting prayer, conducted by the Imâms from a high platform, with reading of the Korân, and it was very impressive to watch how the worshippers below us moved as one man in prostrating themselves to the ground at the name of Allah, or turning their heads right or left at certain parts, or again rising and standing in the attitude of prayer, the hands placed side by side, palms inward, as if forming a book. At length the Khâtib or Friday preacher ascended the steep ladder-like stairs leading to the Minber or pulpit, and standing facing the congregation he uttered the Friday prayer or Khutbe for the Caliph and Islam. His robe was of satin, the colour and shade of crushed strawberry; on his head a white turban, and in his right hand he held aloft a drawn sword, whilst on each side hung a flag, the emblems of conquest. Once

again, at the conclusion of his discourse—for it was more than a prayer—the vast assembly prostrated themselves, touching the ground with their foreheads; and then, sitting up, inclined their heads first to the right, then to the left, and the service was over. Swiftly but quietly they all left the Mosque, and as we passed out, we felt that we had witnessed a very true and heartfelt act of worship. Each man seemed absorbed and quite unconscious of his surroundings. I told Sadik Bey afterwards where we had been, and the impression made on us, and his face lighted up as he said, ‘That is prayer.’ It was all so simple, so solemn, no accessories of music and flowers and innumerable priests, but one fully realized the great reality it was to those who took part in it.

One of the most perfect small churches used as a Mosque is the Kuchuk Aya Sofia, or little St. Sophia, on a street sloping very steeply from the Hippodrome to the Marmara. Though I dignify it with the name of street, it was a succession of pits and mounds, up and down which the clever Arab horses took us safely. This church, also built by Justinian, is almost a square, and wonderfully light and graceful in its proportions. The atrium has been replaced by a Turkish porch. All the mosaics and frescoes are covered with whitewash, but nothing can

destroy the beauty of the light Byzantine columns which support the galleries.

I have already mentioned that almost all the Mosques of Constantinople on both sides of the Golden Horn are built more or less on the plan of St. Sophia. There are several imperial Mosques, built by different Sultans. Each of these is surrounded by a great outside wall, which contains the Jami or Mosque itself, the Harem or fore-court, and the garden containing generally the Türbeh or tomb of the founder. There are various institutions attached to each of these Imperial Mosques, and generally built round the outer wall, as the school, the theological college, where the fanatical softas or students live, a soup-kitchen for the poor, a library, a bath, and sometimes a Khan, or lodging-place for strangers. It is easy, therefore, to realize the vast space occupied by these greater Mosques, and their imposing appearance, each on the summit of one of the seven low hills of the capital. Every Mosque, large and small, has its minarets, from one to six in number—in the case of the larger Mosques these are of white marble, or fine dazzling white stone; the smaller and poorer Mosques are satisfied with stucco, but still they look very white, and are generally graceful, however poor the material.

The Ahmediyeh, or Mosque of Ahmed I, was the first Mosque we had ever entered, and we were very much impressed by its vast size. Though shorter than St. Sophia, it is much wider. The central dome rests on four huge fluted columns and covers a space nearly 200 feet square. The minber is a copy of the one at Mecca. We here saw for the first time the beautiful Korân stands, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, which are placed in every part of the Mosques, and before which one generally saw a turbaned figure, sitting cross-legged, reading out the sacred words in a peculiar nasal sing-song. There are very beautiful tiles round the windows, and numberless lamps hang from the roof, mixed with ostrich eggs and horse tails, and gaily coloured tassels. It is the vast size of the central hall that impresses one in the Ahmediyeh rather than any beauty of detail, but the forecourt is beautiful. It is surrounded by cloisters; the tall narrow arches of black and white marble supported on slender pillars; in the centre is a large fountain. The unique feature of the Ahmediyeh is the six minarets. Up to the time of Ahmed, the Mosque at Mecca only had so many, and such was the anger of the Imâm of Mecca that the Sultan was obliged to erect a seventh minaret at the Kaaba. The bases of the minarets are hidden by the splendid

trees which grow inside the outer wall, and are said to be as old as the Mosque, nearly 300 years.

But far more beautiful is the Suleimaniyeh, or Mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent, built by order of the Sultan by Sinan, the greatest Turkish architect. It crowns the third hill. The dome is supported by four monoliths of red granite; the walls are of coloured marbles; the mihrâb, and minber, and the latticed screen round the Sultan's praying-place are all of white marble most delicately carved; the richly coloured glass windows are of Persian origin, and of graceful geometrical designs, for of course no human figure is permissible. One of the galleries is used as a place of safe deposit for treasures of all sorts—here boxes of every shape and size are heaped on one another to the very roof, and are said to contain gold and silver, jewels and rich stuffs, placed there as if in a bank. They are all registered, and some of them have been there for considerably over a century, in perfect safety, untouched and unopened, amid all changes and popular convulsions. They can only be withdrawn on the production of the original registration papers. But lovely as the Suleimaniyeh is, it is exceeded in interest by the two mausoleums in the garden of the Mosque, the Tûrbehs of Suleiman himself and of his famous wife, the Sultana Roxalana.

They are both octagonal buildings, and both entirely lined with blue and white tiles. Round the Türbeh of the Sultan runs an arcade ; inside the dome is supported by columns of marble and porphyry. There are several tombs besides that of the founder. The bodies are buried in all these Türbehs in the ground, and over these are raised immense boxes with arched tops, entirely covered with precious shawls, and velvets heavy with gold embroidery, while at the head of each box over a Sultan's body is his turban with a large diamond aigrette or ornament of some sort. Sulciman's box is further distinguished by a delicate railing inlaid with mother-of-pearl. In some cases the jewelled orders they wore in life hang below the turban. The Türbeh of Roxalana is not in such a good state of preservation, and she who reigned supreme in life, and sacrificed all feelings of pity to her relentless ambition, lies forgotten in death, the tiles falling from the walls around the coffin, and the shawls that cover it showing every sign of neglect and decay. These two Türbehs are overshadowed by one of the huge plane-trees of immense age that one sees so constantly in Turkey, their bright green leaves forming a sharp contrast to the black cypresses that surround every tomb.

A short time later on we visited the lovely little

Mosque built by Suleiman I in an agony of remorse in memory of his two murdered sons, both victims of the relentless Roxalana. One, Muhammad, was the son of a rival wife, and was strangled at her instigation and foul insinuations in the presence of his enraged father; the other was her own son Jehangir, who was witness of the horrible scene. He flung himself on the body of his brother, to whom he was deeply attached, and when the surrounding courtiers tried to raise him, he too was dead. His tigerish mother avenged his death by having the young son of Muhammad murdered by a death-warrant which she extorted from Suleiman. The Türbeh where the two princes lie is lined with marble, the covered passage leading to it is decorated with faïence. The Mosque in their memory was the first built by Sinan. The whole is kept in good repair.

Another of the Imperial Mosques is that of Sultan Bayezid, the Bayezidiyeh or Pigeon Mosque, which stands inside the great gate of the Seraskerate, the ministry of war. It is the forecourt of this Mosque that appeals to one; the Mosque itself is not interesting. The cloisters surrounding the court are thoroughly Saracenic, the columns are monoliths of *verde antico*, porphyry, black and white marble, &c.; a covered fountain stands in the centre, and there are

fine cypresses and plane-trees also, and on every roof and minaret, capital and cornice, are myriads of pigeons, which are looked on as sacred and are never killed. If a few small coins are given to the keeper of these birds he will scatter a little corn, which at once brings the pigeons round one from every corner. Every Friday food is also given here to the dogs of the quarter, who assemble from all round for this meal, and then return again, each pack to its own haunts. The pigeons are supposed to have sprung from one pair given by the Sultan Bayezid II to the Mosque. As the Pigeon Mosque is close to the great Bazâr, the cloisters are generally full of traders; and here too sit the public letter-writers, ready to write letters for any of the poor people who require their aid. If any of the traders are called away for a time, they leave their wares with perfect safety; the poorest beggar would not steal in the sacred precincts of a mosque.

One other Imperial Mosque we tried to visit, that of Muhammad the Conqueror, which crowns the fourth hill, and is a conspicuous object for miles round. But on going there under the care of Sadik Bey, we found that no slippers were provided for visitors, we could therefore only stand inside the door, and observe its vast size and simple

style, the windows without any colour, and the walls whitewashed, so that the whole effect was very glaring. The washing basins outside, which are found close to every Mosque, where the feet are washed before entering the building, were particularly vast.

We were very much struck with the Türbeh of Mahmûd II the Reformer (d. 1839), who abolished the characteristic and splendid Turkish costume, replacing the turban by the fez, and the full white trousers and flowing robes by the plain frock-coat. Though he tried to introduce economy and simplicity in his lifetime, in death his wishes have certainly been disregarded, for his Türbeh, though the latest, is the most magnificent of all. It is an octagonal building of dazzling white marble with a dome. Beautifully wrought Corinthian pilasters decorate the walls, and seven of the eight sides contain a large window with a gilded grating, shaded by the richest velvet curtains. The tombs are of the usual box shape, Mahmûd's surmounted by a simple fez without ornament, but covered with superb velvet, with gold embroidery. On his right side lies his mother, and to the left his unfortunate son Abdul Aziz, who died in 1876; his tomb is surrounded by a more elaborate railing than the one round his father's, but both are inlaid with

mother-of-pearl, and Abdul Aziz has a fine diamond aigrette on his fez, whilst the velvet pall is thick with gold embroidery of a particularly rich pattern. The insignia of the Order of the Osmaniye, which he founded, decorate his tomb. All round are Korân stands inlaid with silver and mother-of-pearl, on which stand some singularly beautiful MSS. of the Korân. Massive silver candlesticks of a great height stand round each tomb.

One day on leaving the Bazârs, our son remembered that we were close to one of the loveliest of the small Mosques, that of Rustem Pasha, a son-in-law of Suleiman the Magnificent. It is so entirely surrounded by buildings in a very narrow street that few travellers find it out. The carriage stopped at a low doorway, inside which was a narrow winding stair, leading up to the beautiful portico as broad as the Mosque. The doors were closed, no human being was to be seen, and our son, aided by our driver, had great difficulty in finding the custodian. Whilst they were finding him we had leisure to examine the exquisite faïence with which the whole portico is covered, a fitting approach to the lovely Mosque, of which the faïence is absolutely perfect—not a tile out of place, not a chip anywhere. The patterns are blue of different shades on a white

ground, of which, however, little is left not covered by the pattern. The patterns run from the ground to the ceiling in strips, some broad, some narrow, and all of different and exquisite designs. It was difficult to believe that 350 years had passed since this lovely building was called into being by the great architect Sinan. We also visited the Tulip Mosque, built about 130 years ago, on a raised terrace overlooking the Marmara, with a wonderful view; but as there were no slippers for visitors, we could only stand at the door of this graceful little Mosque, and admire the light gallery running all round the interior and supported by white marble columns; the whole was more like a Türbeh than a Mosque, and is octagonal instead of square. As we left we heard the Muezzin calling to prayer, from one of its two low minarets.

We had often looked at the great Mosque of the Valideh Sultan, facing one in crossing the bridge of Galata from Pera, but the Türbehs in the garden, which are very beautiful, were all under repair, and could not be seen. But one afternoon Sadik Bey took us to see the galleries and apartments reserved for the Sultan, which open into the Mosque. They are all lined with faïence, some of different shades of blue, others of green, and one small room had flowers of a brick-red shade that were very effective. All the

rooms had verses from the Korân as a frieze, and there was some good stained glass also, and fine old wood carving. One more small Mosque that we visited must be described with our expedition outside the old walls.

VIII

A DINNER AT YILDIZ

I HAVE already mentioned our audience of the Sultan after our first Selamlık. A day or two later came a notification that my husband was to dine at the Palace the next day, in company with our Ambassador, and the Crimean officer General Kent, staying at our hotel. It was uncertain whether I was included in the invitation, as it was not specified whether the dinner was private or official. If the former, I should be expected with my husband. I was left in this uncertainty till the morning of the dinner, when it was announced as official, and I had to content myself with going to the Embassy to see the party start. Our son was specially included in the invitation, and this was considered a very high compliment. He had been presented to the Sultan when we were received in audience, and H.I.M. was pleased to say to us, 'Votre fils a l'air très distingué.' The Ambassador

and our son and the Chief Dragoman were in uniform, my husband and General Kent, not having any with them, could only appear in evening dress, but they both wore the Medjidie presented to them at our audience. The party on arriving at the Palace found a large number of Pashas in splendid uniforms and covered with stars and ribands already assembled. They were introduced to them by the Chief Dragoman, and found that not only most of the Ministers were present, but also Osman Ghazi. My husband was able to tell him, in French, that he had shaken hands both with the Duke of Wellington and with Moltke, and that he felt proud to do so with the hero of Plevna. On the entrance of the Sultan, H.I.M. spoke most cordially and pleasantly to the English party through Munir Pasha, the Grand Master of the Ceremonies, whose place was anything but a sinecure, as during the whole banquet he stood behind his Imperial Master, ready to convey his royal commands to his guests.

The company, led by the Sultan, then proceeded to the dining-hall. The table was resplendent with gold plate, some of it of exquisite workmanship. The Sultan took the head of the table, with Sir Clare Ford on his right between him and the Grand Vizier, and General Kent on his left. My husband sat between

the Ministers of War and Marine. It must have been a magnificent sight, for most Turks have marked faces and well-cut features, and fine beards, which give great dignity to their appearance, and M. M. said it was a real pleasure to look down the table, which held about thirty people. But what seemed most surprising was the complete silence that reigned all round the table. Nobody spoke except the Sultan, whose conversation with the Ambassador was most animated, though carried on entirely through an interpreter. My husband, not knowing the Turkish etiquette, began to talk French to his neighbours, but received such very short answers that he too relapsed into silence. The Sultan, who had evidently seen this, beckoned to Munir Pasha, who whispered something to the Ministers of War and Marine, and they began to talk to M. M. very pleasantly, and were encouraged by a look from the Sultan not to mind committing such a breach of etiquette. Neither the Sultan nor any of the officials present had a drop of wine. None was on the table, nor was any handed round except to the unbelievers. The claret, however, was so good that my husband could not resist asking the Grand Master of the Ceremonies who tasted and chose the wine for the Imperial table. He shrugged his shoulders, as

who should say, 'You can guess.' One of the items on the menu was punch. It was iced punch, smelling so strongly that every one could perceive the alcohol in it. But neither the Sultan nor any of his guests were afraid of it. It was called punch, and punch is not forbidden in the Korân. My husband bore away from the royal table a toothpick with 'Vive le champagne!' on it. The dinner was in all respects a complete French dinner. The menu was written in French and Turkish, and contained the thirteen following dishes, which were all well served. The date given is 23/4 Juin, but the dinner really took place on Sunday, June 4, according to our calendar:—

DINER DU 23/4 JUIN, 1893.

Potage Windsor.

Petits pâtés et Beureks.

Escalopes de turbot Joinville.

Selle d'agneau à la Royale.

Suprême de volaille aux truffes.

Chaudfroid de cailles.

Asperges en branches.

Punch.

Poulets de grain rôtis.

Pilau.

Ananas à la Victoria.

Bavaroise à la vanille.

Glaces.

Two courses must have been ordered for the

special benefit of the Sultan's English guests, Potage Windsor and Ananas à la Victoria, while no dinner where Turks are present could be served without Pilau. Our son told me that at his side of the table not one word was spoken, but that the consumption of viands had been enormous!

During the dinner the Sultan sent Munir Pasha with a message to my husband to tell him that he was about to bestow on him a further mark of his favour in sending me the Shefakat, or Order of Mercy (Nishân-i-Shefket in full), which is only for women. Not many days afterwards an official appeared from the Palace, with a crimson velvet box ornamented with the crescent and star in gilt, containing the beautiful Order. I have been told since that mine is more handsomely decorated than those ordinarily given by H.I.M. It is a large five-rayed worked gold star, each point ending in a diamond set *au jour*, and each ray ornamented with leaves in the finest green enamel, and ruby flowers. This is crossed by a second five-rayed star of red enamel, the centre of the whole a round gold medallion engraved with the Sultan's monogram and bordered by green enamel, with the word Shefakat on it repeated three times in gold arabic letters. The ribbon is white watered silk with a narrow scarlet stripe at each side, between two

green lines. The Order is fastened to the ribbon by a red enamelled crescent and star.

After dinner the English guests and some of the highest officials accompanied the Sultan into another room, for coffee and cigarettes. The Sultan not only offered the cigarettes, but striking an alumette himself, handed it to my husband. There was a concert in a large adjoining room, beautifully decorated with palms and flowers, and the Sultan said with a certain pride that the performers, instrumental and vocal, were all Turks. The music was good, and the voices fine and well trained. H.I.M. is himself very fond of music, and often plays *à quatre mains* with one of his sons, who is a promising musician. But that evening it was too late for the young princes to appear. We saw them whenever we attended the Selamlık, riding their beautiful Arabs, and looking slim, well built, and healthy. It was quite late before the Sultan took leave of his guests, and when he had left the room the Grand Vizier said that H.I.M. would sit up and work till two or three o'clock, and rise again early, so that he gave himself and his Ministers little rest. He also mentioned that the Sultan kept all his papers in exact order, and could find anything he wanted in the room where he worked, in the dark.

Everything, large and small, is settled by the

Sultan, and as he is but mortal, and like other mortals has but twenty-four hours in his day, the innumerable trifles on which he must be consulted often crowd out more important affairs, and are often themselves left undecided for months. To give one instance. It was found that the buoy to which the English Guardship was attached at Therapia was too near a sunken reef of rocks to be safe at certain changes of the current, and as such a matter must be decided by the Sultan, the Ambassador had, before our arrival, asked leave to remove the buoy a few feet. We were in Turkey three months, and the matter was not decided when we left.

The Friday after the dinner at Yildiz Palace, we again attended the Selamlık as a mark of respect, and I was able, when Munir Pasha brought the Sultan's greeting, to send my humble thanks for the *Shefakat*, which I had worn with as much pride as pleasure at a large Embassy dinner the night before.

We attended the Selamlık twice more during our stay, once when the young Khedive was present, and in his honour there was a brilliant march past of all the troops after the Sultan left the Mosque. It was amusing to see some of the younger officers displaying the regular *Parademarsch* they had learnt at Berlin, but for the older officers the quick march down the

steep hill was very exhausting. The Khedive was in a state of irritation the whole time of his visit. He expected to be treated as a Sovereign, whereas the Sultan received him only as a tributary prince, and at the great dinner given him at the Palace, he was placed after the Grand Vizier, as third Altesse of the kingdom. On the occasion of the Selamlik he was not invited to attend the Mosque with the Sultan, only to witness the procession and march past from a kiosk adjoining the Ambassador's kiosk. Our last appearance at the Selamlik was under some difficulties. My husband had received permission to present the *Sacred Books of the East* to the Sultan, and they had arrived for the purpose from England. Our last Friday came, and forgetting that time in Turkey is reckoned from sundown, and therefore after the summer solstice is earlier each day, we were not ready when the only steamer arriving in time for the Selamlik left Therapia. With some difficulty we got a carriage, and drove into Yildiz. We had first a long ascent from Therapia up the wooded valley of Krio-Nero, or cold water. Once out of this ascent we were in the so-called high-road leading along the top of the hills bordering the Bosphorus, direct to Pera. The road ran too far inland for us to see the water, but all along we had lovely views of the hills

on the Asiatic shore. At first the sandy road was fairly good, but the nearer we came to the capital the worse it became; deep ruts and huge holes at last obliged us to take to the fields, and drive over them as best we could. When we reached Yildiz the troops were all in position, but forcing our way through the cavalry we found Sadik Bey, who had quite given us up, and under his escort we quickly reached the diplomatic pavilion. My husband had written a little paper describing his aims and object in editing and printing the *Sacred Books of the East*, and this had been very well translated into Turkish by one of the Embassy Dragomans, and sent to the Palace a few days previously; and the Sultan was told we were leaving in a week. When the Master of the Ceremonies brought the Sultan's salutations to those attending the Selamlik, he told M.M. that the Sultan was *vivement touché* by his paper, every word of which H.I.M. had read.

When the ceremony was over, Sadik conducted us to the kiosk where we had been received by the Sultan after our first Selamlik, and into a large room where many people (all men) were assembled, awaiting an audience or messages from H.I.M. Here we were presented to Hadgi Ali, the Grand Chamberlain, a wonderfully handsome old Turk, very grave and

dignified ; he came and went constantly between the room where we were and the one where the Sultan gave audience. Coffee and cigarettes, and a refreshing iced almond drink, were handed round, and we all sat looking at each other in dignified silence, until Sadik brought up Jellaladeen Afghani the poet, a very distinguished Sheik, and introduced him to my husband. They at once began a long and interesting conversation in French, on the Kurds and other races in the Ottoman Empire. A Russian standing by joined in the talk, though he knew little about the subject, and took the opposite view to M. M. and Jellaladeen, who were quite in accord. We all sat and listened to their argument, till the Grand Chamberlain came back, and told my husband how delighted the Sultan had been with his paper, and that though too much engaged to-day, H.I.M. must see us again before we left, either at dinner or tea, and a day would be fixed. Hadgi Ali then turned to the poet and told him the Sultan presented him with a house on the Bosphorus ! and again turning to M. M. said that the Sultan sent him the highest mark of esteem that he could bestow on any one, the Liakat, or Order of Merit, which he gives very rarely. It is a beautiful little gold medal, and the Sultan ranks it higher than any Order. We heard afterwards that my husband is the

first unbeliever not in H.I.M.'s service who has ever received it. Sadik's face lit up with pleasure as he pinned it on, and it certainly was an immense mark of favour. It hangs from a small red ribbon edged with green, and bears the inscription in Turkish, 'Destined for those who show Merit, Fidelity, and Fortitude.' On leaving we found the outer hall full of servants expecting bakshîsh. We had desired the Dragoman, who was there awaiting us, to give what was right. It amounted to over £2, Turkish—£1 16s. sterling! We told Sadik, and begged him to tell the Palace officials very decidedly, that we must leave within a week—though we knew we should have to stay on, after the Sultan's message, and especially after the gift of the Liakat, if it did not suit H.I.M. to receive us before the day on which we had settled to start on our homeward journey.

IX

THE OLD WALLS

IN several of his letters to us, our son had mentioned the beauty of the old walls. We therefore arranged with Sadik Bey, who had himself never seen them, to give an afternoon to this excursion. The walls once extended all round the city, and the so-called sea walls along the Marmara, from the Seraglio Point to the Seven Towers, were still tolerably preserved till the excavations were made for the railway, which took almost the line of the walls, and only fragments here and there are still to be seen. These walls are seldom visited, as the way to them leads through a very dirty part of the city. The sea walls, like all the rest, were originally built by Constantine the Great, and carefully repaired by Theodosius II (A.D. 408-450). They rest on a sort of breakwater, formed at their base by vast masses of stone, and their outline must have been very



THE OLD WALLS

irregular, purposely so, to break, as an irregular line does, the force of the waves. The sea walls are less massive than the others, as it was evidently thought that the sea alone was almost a sufficient defence. There are traces of inscriptions in many parts bearing the name of Theodosius, and some ten gates seem to have given access from the sea to the many churches built just over it, and to the interior parts of the city. But these walls, lost in dirty streets and broken through at every point, were not the walls our son described and that we visited. We went out by train to the Seven Towers, the fortress at the angle formed by the sea and land walls, the latter running inland from this point to the Golden Horn, a distance of about five miles. The Seven Towers is a fortress built by Muhammad the Conqueror, and once formed the state prison. It is now in ruins, three of the towers have disappeared, whilst the grass grows on the four left. Passing under a gloomy gateway, which is kept closed, we found ourselves in a grass court, on the opposite side of which is the tower where the Ambassadors of any Power at war with the Sultan were at once incarcerated. It was last used in 1798, when the French Ambassador was kept here for some time. The care of the fortress was always entrusted to the Janissaries, and here more than once

they brought the Sultans with whom they had quarrelled, putting them, in some instances, to death. We explored the miserable rooms occupied by the French Ambassador, with earthen floors, and hardly any light, the only access being through a low tortuous passage, easily defended by one person—escape must have been impossible. Just outside this tower there is a deep hole or well, called the Well of Blood, where the heads of those executed in an adjoining small court were thrown. Tradition says that Count Obrescöff, the Ambassador from Catherine the Great, was lowered into this well and kept there for three days, by the reigning Sultan, on account of some slight misunderstanding between the two countries. Climbing up some steep steps, we had one of those wide views over the Marmara lit up by brilliant sunshine, which remains impressed for ever on one's mind. It was very hot, and Sadik earnestly remonstrated with me for following our son up so steep a place, and contented himself with resting in the gloomy court. I fancy his marvellously tight uniform (he must have been poured into his trousers) made any out-of-the-way exercise an effort.

I was glad when we left this dismal fortress, and, rejoining our carriage, drove through what seemed more like a breach in the old walls than one of the

regular gates, and the whole beautiful but desolate scene opened before us. Far as we could see ran the walls with their numerous towers, their ruined state half hidden by vegetation, wild vines and creepers flinging their graceful wreaths in all directions, whilst the moat, nearly filled up by the successive cultivation of four centuries, formed a green foreground to the low breastwork and outer and inner walls, a triple line of defence traceable almost throughout the whole length of the land walls. On our immediate right was the Golden Gate, with two marble towers. This was the Triumphal Arch, through which the Emperors entered on any great occasion, and passed along the Via Triumphalis to St. Sophia, having landed on the flat shore just outside the gate. This entrance is now walled up. The road we had to traverse was such as no horses but Arabs would face. It was originally paved, but many of the stones had been removed or broken, causing a succession of pits, and we ended by walking a good part of the way. To our left, in the open country, we passed the Armenian Hospital, the Greek Orphanage, and other institutions. But our attention was given wholly to the succession of towers and gates breaking the long line of walls to our right, each with some historic legend or memory or inscription, Greek or Latin.

The gate now called Silivri Kapusi is the one by which the Greeks entered when they retook the city from the Latins. Just outside this gate, standing in a grove of trees, is the Holy Well of Balukli. I was sorry not to visit it, for it is the scene of the legend of the half-fried fish. The place is rich in springs of water, and was formerly called S. Mary ad Fontem. A monk living here at the time of the taking of Constantinople, was quietly frying fish when the city was stormed. On the news reaching him that the Turks had entered the city, he indignantly denied the possibility of such an event. 'I will credit it,' he said, 'when these fish jump out of the pan into the water,' which they immediately did, and their descendants have light and dark markings, like half-fried fish. The beauty of Balukli was a favourite theme with Byzantine writers.

Almost every tower on the walls bears some inscription, referring either to the time it was originally built or to successive reparations. On both sides of the Top Kapusi, or Cannon Gate, so called from the huge cannons brought to bear on this point by the Turks, we noticed that the walls were very much destroyed, in one place the huge breach is still clearly visible near the descent to the Lycus torrent, having been but little repaired, through

which the Turks effected their first entrance. It was near this point that the Latins too at the time of the Crusades entered the city. There it was that in the last siege the Genoese Gustiniani was wounded, and on leaving the contest was followed by all his mercenaries. It was just inside the Top Kapusi that Constantine fell, fighting bravely to the last moment against the overpowering forces of the enemy. The besiegers numbered 200,000, whilst it is thought that the city had not more than 8,000 trained defenders. Yet for fifty-three days this little band held their own against the enemy. The body of the gallant Constantine was found beneath piles of the slain, and so great was the feeling of admiration excited by his dauntless courage, that Muhammad ordered the body to be buried, and we were told when in Constantinople that a small lamp is always kept alight over the spot, where tradition says the last Christian ruler of Constantinople sleeps. This is not mentioned in any guide-book, but it is certainly held to be true. All that part of Constantinople is so dirty and ruinous that we never cared to ascertain the truth for ourselves by visiting the spot. It was a strange experience to stand gazing on a scene that from schoolroom days had made such an impression on one's mind, in the company of one of the conquering

race, whose presence on this side of the Bosphorus one had been taught to feel was a blot on Christendom. Sadik Bey seemed little moved by—perhaps he did not fully realize—all the associations of the Top Kapusi. I felt almost disappointed that he did not show more interest. As I thought of the beautiful city and its lovely surroundings, I felt I could have pardoned him had he shown a little patriotic pride in the doings of his forefathers. From this gate on the whole space outside the walls to the left of the abominable road is one vast cemetery; up hill and down dale as far as eye could reach, we saw the tall narrow tombstones, whilst the cypresses for height and size exceeded any we had yet seen.

Not far from Top Kapusi is the most striking and picturesque of all the towers, the Riven Tower, which was literally split from top to bottom by one of the huge marble balls shot by the Turks. Though completely riven asunder, the two portions are still standing, or were when we saw them. I heard that this tower was overthrown in the earthquake of 1894, but our son has never found time to ride out to ascertain the truth of the report. It seems a miracle that it should have remained upright for 400 years.

We passed through the next gate, the Edirneh Kapusi, or Gate of Adrianople, that we might visit

the Kahriyeh Mosque, the Mosaic Mosque, once a Christian church. The church was built in the twelfth century, on the site of a far older basilica. At that time this part of the city, now so desolate and neglected, was of importance from its nearness to the Blachernæ Palace, which was the residence of the Byzantine Emperors, of the Latin Emperors, and again of the restored Greeks. It was from this Palace that, on the last night of the siege, when all was hopeless, Constantine rode forth to die. I knew that its site was not far off, but Sadik Bey knew nothing about it, and, after all, only the site is left—all the costly materials of the Palace were removed by the Turks, who never inhabited it, to build their Mosques and Türbehs; and the spot, for long years the centre of life to the Eastern Empire, the scene of so much crime and effeminate luxury, is now one of the most squalid and neglected parts of Stambûl.

But to return to the Mosaic Mosque. The outer and inner narthex are still covered with mosaics of great beauty, and well preserved. They are scenes from the Gospels, or the legendary history of the Virgin. A few fine heads are left of the frescoes that must once have covered the side chapel. It is extraordinary that these mosaics should have been left almost uninjured, for the church was early turned

into a Mosque, and in all other churches so used, as in St. Sophia itself, few traces of the mosaics are left, they were everywhere covered with whitewash.

Returning through the Adrianople gate, we pursued our way outside the walls towards Eyûb. The walls of Theodosius end now just where the descent upon Eyûb begins, and from this point the walls we see are supposed to be the work of Manuel Comnenus, and were probably built by him, in addition to that portion of the Theodosian walls now entirely destroyed, to give extra protection to the Palace of Blachernæ. The one point of interest in this portion of the walls is the Egri Kapusi, or Crooked Gate, by which one legend says the Turks effected their entrance, falling on the rear of the Greeks when least expected. The gate was generally kept shut, but the Emperor had caused it to be opened for the passage of his troops, and the Turks at once discovered it. Some few Turks may have passed through this gate, but the main body poured through the breach their cannon had made, which we still see near the Edirneh Kapusi. At the angle where the walls of Comnenus join the walls of Theodosius stand the remains of the so-called Palace of Belisarius, the Tekfûr Serai. I was sorry afterwards that we had not made our way again inside the walls to examine this, one of the very few

specimens left of a Byzantine building other than a church. I have since seen pictures of the façade that remains. It reminds one of the early Venetian palaces. The name has nothing to do with the great general, but is thought to be a corruption of Balata, the old name of this quarter of the city. It is also called the Palace of Constantine, as the building is said to be of the time of Constantine Porphyrogenitus.

The road here is worse than ever, and descends steeply on to the Golden Horn, reaching it just below the village of Eyûb, one of the loveliest spots round Constantinople. We had seen it on our visit one Friday to the Sweet Waters of Asia, in one of the Sultan's ten-oared kaïks, a delightful excursion arranged for us by Sadik Bey. The lovely Mosque of white marble marks the spot where Eyûb, the companion of the Prophet, is said to have fallen in A.D. 668, when the Arabs first attacked Constantinople. The place was revealed in a dream to Muhammad the Conqueror 800 years later, and he built the Mosque. No Christian may enter it, or even live near the outer court. Here it is that the Sultans on their accession are girded with the sword of Osman, founder of their dynasty. Not far off is a great fez manufactory, where the headgear for the whole army is made. The

Oriental colouring of the whole scene was heightened the day we passed, by the sight of a long string of laden camels, slowly pacing along the top of the green hills that rise from the Golden Horn beyond Eyûb.

To return to the walls. Very little is left of the Harbour Walls, only here and there a tower or gate. We drove along the fearful road outside the walls, between them and the Golden Horn, through the Phanar or Greek quarter. The most interesting remains in this part of the city are some of the houses which date back to the time of Venetian influence, and remind one of the smaller palaces at Venice. There are a good many Jews as well as Greeks in this part of Stambûl. The pavement made our progress so painful that we were glad to reach the inner bridge, above which lie the great ironclads, and crossing it find ourselves on the steep but better road that climbs up past the Petits Champs des Morts to the tram line and the British Embassy. Of all that we saw in Constantinople, the city walls stand out in the memory from their real historical recollections. The ancient Byzantium hardly extended beyond the Seraglio Point and the level ground immediately behind it. It was Constantine who extended the city almost to the boundaries of modern Stambûl,

surrounding it with walls, which were strengthened and renewed by successive Emperors, and followed the line of the walls we still see. The Huns, the Persians, the Arabs, the Crusaders, have successively attacked these walls. The conquered Greeks retook the place, only after 200 years to be finally expelled by the Osmanli Turks. All these events have left traces on the walls, which for the last 400 years have gradually been falling into decay, the Turks knowing well they could afford no defence in modern warfare. As one passes along them the fate of the vast city, the waning of the Cross before the Crescent, is ever in one's mind. But 'calm decay' is written now on every tower and gateway, once the scene of such desperate struggles. Ferns and ivy, plants, and even trees, hide the gaps made by warfare or by time—

'Then home returning soothly swear
Was never scene so sad and fair.'

X

PICNICS ON THE BOSPHORUS

THE very name sounds romantic, but only those who have visited the Bosphorus can form a true idea of the beauty, enjoyment, and romance of such a party. The 9th of June being our son's birthday, we resolved to keep it, by giving a picnic to some of those who had been most kind to him during his time at Pera. Our good friend Sadik Bey entered with zest into our scheme, and on our suggesting Prinkopo, the largest of the Princes' Islands—those lovely islands in the Marmara, within hazy view of Constantinople—he at once said that he would arrange for us to have one of the Sultan's steam launches. The Embassy housekeeper undertook the catering, and admirably she fulfilled her task. Our friends were invited and all arrangements made, when Sadik Bey came to tell us that the Sultan, who knows everything, large and small, that goes on,



THE VALIDEH BEND

Bend a Baghcheh-ye Nafis

did not wish us to have a steam launch, as there had been a bad accident with one earlier in the year; and the launch had sunk with a whole service of gold plate on board! But His Majesty most kindly offered us two ten-oared kaïks, and the use of one of his kiosks on the Bosphorus, just above Kandili, and at the mouth of the Sweet Waters of Asia, opposite Roumali Hissar, the narrowest part of the Bosphorus, which is supposed to be the point where Xerxes crossed, and perhaps the most exquisite spot of all that exquisite water-way. Though loath to give up our picnic and scramble in the fir-woods of Prinkopo, we could only gratefully accept the Sultan's kind offer, and at the appointed hour we met our guests at the landing-place of Topkhâneh, where the two finely appointed kaïks lay ready for us. The ten kaïkjis of each boat were dressed entirely in white—baggy white trousers, and white jackets of Brûsa silk edged with gold, and of course the fez. Our party included many nationalities, but English was chosen as our *lingua franca*. On we swept with the steady swing of the ten oars, past the long white marble front of Dolmabaghcheh, past the square Palace of Cheragan, where Abdul Aziz met his doom, and where the Sultan's brother and predecessor Murad is said to be drinking himself

to death, and to which certainly no boat may approach too closely, under penalty of a stray shot from one of the many sentinels always on duty—past lovely Beylerbey Serai, the most beautiful of all the summer palaces on the Bosphorus, built by the unfortunate Abdul Aziz—and after a good fight with the devil's current, which sweeps round a promontory on the Asiatic side, and stopping at Kandili to pick up more friends, we reached the lovely Imperial kiosk of pure white marble in little over an hour¹. Leaving the servants who had brought our food in another large kaïk to prepare our luncheon, we explored the various rooms of the kiosk, four on each floor, with a fine central hall, and offices below. The rooms were exquisitely furnished with beautiful inlaid tables and chairs, carved and inlaid bureaus, and curtains of the richest brocades; no carpets, only highly polished parquet. Not only were the walls of the kiosk all marble, but the parapet round the well-kept garden was also marble, and the gates, one in the middle of each side of the garden, were of carved marble. This kiosk was the one lent to the Empress Eugénie, and furnished expressly for her. We all agreed that our surroundings were more

¹ This kiosk was built by the Valideh Sultan, mother of Abdul Medjid, 1839-1861.

in keeping with a picnic in Turkey than the *al fresco* fête at Prinkipo would have been. Luncheon was spread on a costly inlaid table, stretching down the whole of the largest room. There are many of these royal marble kiosks on the Bosphorus, and they are lent by the Sultan from time to time to royal and distinguished guests, and are always kept exquisitely clean and in readiness, as we found in *our* kiosk. The largest and most beautiful, Beylerbey, has been often occupied by foreign royalties. After luncheon our younger guests, hearing music outside, insisted on calling in the musician, an Italian with an organ, and dancing on the highly polished floors; Sadik Bey, with his Berlin training, proving one of the most eager, as well as one of the best, dancers. Meantime several of us had strolled out to examine the beautiful white marble fountain, covered with arabesques and inscriptions, which stands outside the Palace walls, on the borders of the long, smooth stretch of turf, shaded by planes and sycamores, which borders the Geuk Sû, or Blue River, best known as the Sweet Waters of Asia. Unfortunately it was not a Friday, on which day during the summer months this green valley is covered with groups of Turkish ladies, sitting on their carpets, drinking coffee and smoking cigarettes. After the dance we returned

to our kaïks and went up the Sweet Waters to the Holy Well, or Ayazma, to hear the curious Arab music, which is played in the public garden there of an afternoon. The actual beauty of the Geuk Sû Valley disappointed us. The scenery is not more lovely than that of many a small English river, though we were told it is much vaunted by some of the Turkish poets.

On arriving near the Holy Well we landed at a sort of café, the grounds of which rise steeply from the river. Chairs were quickly brought, and we sat in a long row facing the musicians, whose music we found more barbarous than pleasant. The music, which was vocal as well as instrumental, was interspersed with recitations in Arabic. The voices were harsh, and not to be compared, my husband said, with the Turkish voices he had heard at Yildiz Palace. Behind us, on the top of a steep mound, rose a high lattice, and I was told that the Turkish ladies sat there to hear the music. After finishing our coffee I expressed a wish to visit them, and one of the ladies of our party who spoke Turkish volunteered to accompany me. We climbed up the mound and found a high latticed gate, on opening which we entered a long gallery, latticed all round; but though the occupants are themselves unseen, they

can see as well as hear all that goes on below them. The arrival of our party, with a Palace aide-de-camp, had excited great interest, and many questions were asked us, as to the various members of the party—the young girls in their bright dresses, the young men, the older people. One very handsome lady to whom we talked, envied us our uncovered faces, and told us that thin as her yashmak was (and it was of the very finest muslin), yet, covering mouth and nose completely as it did, it was very hot. The day was oppressive, and she had slipped her yashmak down whilst behind the lattice. They none of them seemed shocked at our freedom, but rather envied us, and it was evident that our visit gave them the liveliest pleasure.

But the evening was drawing in, and Sadik Bey urged our leaving before the swarm of small kaïks, now moored against the banks, should make the narrow stream almost impassable for our far larger and longer boats. We reluctantly obeyed, and once out of the Geuk Sû, our return was rapid, as the stream was with us. We passed or were passed by countless flocks of the Yelkovan, small dark seabirds which are constantly on the wing, skimming the surface of the water up and down the Bosphorus. It is said that no one has ever seen them alight for

a moment, either on the water or on land, and their restless motion has gained them the name of *the lost souls*. When night falls they probably take refuge in the basaltic cliffs near the mouth of the Black Sea. All too soon we reached the landing-place at Topkhâneh, we parted with our guests, and our pleasant day was at an end.

Our second Turkish picnic was in a very different scene. We had moved up to Therapia, on the Bosphorus, when the Embassies moved, and settled ourselves at the hotel there. Early in July the Chargé d'Affaires (the Ambassador was on leave of absence) proposed a picnic to the Bends near Baghcheh Keui, in the forest of Belgrad. The Bends are huge reservoirs in which the winter rains are stored for the supply of Constantinople. Those where we were to picnic are known as Sultan Mahmûd's Bend and the Valideh Bend, and are formed by building solid walls of huge blocks of marble across the mouths of two valleys. The Bends are surrounded by trees, oak, beech, birch, elm, pine, sycamore, plane, &c., and on the careful preservation of these woods the supply of water depends. Our party consisted of the *personelle* of the English and German Embassies and ourselves. Most of the gentlemen rode, the rest of us took the country carriages,

the arabas, which hold four inside and have a sort of awning to cover them, and being guiltless of springs. one suffers considerably on the generally bad roads, It must, however, be said that the road to the Bends is good. It runs along the very edge of the Bosphorus, passing Kirech Burnu, where under some splendid plane-trees is an Ayazma, or Holy Well, and just short of Buyukdere turns sharp to the left and inland, along the 'Large Valley,' which is a favourite resort of the Turkish women of all classes. Here any fine afternoon one may see them sitting in groups of half a dozen or more, on their bright carpets spread under one of the huge plane-trees scattered all along the valley. We once met a long procession of some twenty arabas and carts drawn by white oxen and filled with veiled forms returning from this valley, where they had spent the whole day, on their carpets now piled on the carts. We were told afterwards it was a wedding party. They passed through Therapia on to Yeni Keui, the next village down the Bosphorus. It was getting late as they crept through Therapia, and frantic were the shouts and efforts of the drivers to hurry on the slow-footed oxen, as Turkish women *must* be at home by sundown. It was almost dark before the long train disappeared round the corner which hides Yeni Keui from Therapia, and lamps had

been lighted on the carts, and the inmates let off small squibs and crackers, the whole caravan looking like a procession of gigantic glowworms in the gathering gloom, the oxen creeping on at their own pace, all unheeding the cries and whips of their drivers.

A little way up the Large Valley stand two superb plane-trees, the trunks quite hollow; one of them is large enough to contain quite a good-sized room inside it, which is used as a café, whence the coffee is fetched which the Turkish ladies drink all day long, as they squat on their carpets in the Valley. These trees are supposed to date from the time of Godfrey of Bouillon. About three miles along the road the Large Valley is crossed by the Aqueduct of Mahmûd I, which conveys the waters of the Bends to which we were going to Pera and Galata, and is as fine and massive as the Aqueducts built by the Byzantine Emperors. The road passes under an arch of the Aqueduct, and as it approaches the end of the Large Valley trends away to the right, whilst a little farther on a broader and better road to the left leads steeply downhill to the village of Belgrad, where the house occupied by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is still to be seen. The Great Bend close to Belgrad is really a small natural lake, surrounded by thick woods. We visited this Bend a little later, but it

is not so beautiful as the Mahmûd and Valideh Bends, nor, like them, purely artificial, though there is a fine wall to stem up the waters and a sluice-gate at one end. We passed along Mahmûd's Bend buried deep in woods, and leaving our carriages not far from the Valideh Bend, began to look about for a place for our tea. We found all the most convenient spots nearest the Bend occupied by parties of Turkish ladies, and to avoid annoying them by the presence of men, we scrambled up into the woods, dragging our hampers, and soon discovered an open grassy space, where we proceeded to unpack. Meantime the German contingent had not arrived, and on them we depended for all our cakes, the English contingent having undertaken all drinkables, bread and butter, and a supply of fruit. Some of our party rode off to reconnoitre, and the missing convoy was found at the Great Bend, each party knowing only the Bend to which they respectively went. After tea we carefully examined the Valideh Bend. By this time most of the Turkish ladies were on their way home, and we could saunter about freely. The wood where we had picnicked was on a level with the water, and with the top of the huge marble wall which fills up the end of the valley and dams up the water. We walked along the top of the wall, and found it was like a bridge,

with a marble parapet on each side, and inscriptions in many places, recording the original construction and subsequent repairs of the dam. It was broad enough for at least three carriages to cross abreast. We continued our walk for some way along the path through the wood which edges the water. On our return we scrambled down into the valley, till we stood at the foot of the enormous marble wall, at least sixty feet high, and built of huge blocks of white marble. In the spring, after the winter snow and rain, the Bend is quite full and almost on a level with the top of the wall; when we saw it, early in July, it had sunk many feet. It is perhaps difficult to understand that such artificial structures can be so beautiful as these Bends undoubtedly are; their beauty depends mainly on the woods surrounding them, with their immense variety of foliage. The woods, as I have already explained, must be constantly attended to and carefully maintained. We were sorry that we could not linger on till evening fell, but twilight in Turkey is short, and we had a long drive home. Our return was marked by a bad accident to one of the Secretaries of the German Embassy, whose horse slipped upon the vile pavement of Therapia, and the unhappy rider retained for some long time but a dismal memory of our otherwise pleasant excursion.

XI

THE QURBAN BAIRAM RECEPTION

‘OF course you must see the Qurban Bairam reception,’ said Sadik Bey to us. ‘Your Ambassador cannot admit you, but as guests of the Sultan it can easily be arranged.’ Before we left Pera for Therapia, we had for some days constantly passed men leading rams about the streets; some of them magnificent animals, with thick white fleeces, others looking poor and thin. These were the victims to be sold for the Qurban Bairam, or Feast of Sacrifices, which is a day of rejoicing throughout the whole Mussulman world, and is celebrated on the tenth day of the twelfth lunar month. This fell, when we were in Turkey, on June 24. Every householder must provide one or more rams, according to the size of his household, which he must kill himself directly after the morning prayer. It is afterwards eaten, part being given to the poor. The feast is thought to be in memory of the sacrifice of Isaac.

As the reception is very early in the morning, we had to sleep in Pera. At 8.30 p.m. or sundown, a great gun proclaimed the opening of the feast, and from that moment the noise of bells and guns, shouts and singing, never ceased. We went to bed early, but not to sleep; the guns, and bells, and fireworks went on all night, and the dogs, disturbed from their usual scavengering expeditions, kept up one wild yell. About 2 a.m. the various regiments which were to line the road down which the Sultan passes from Yildiz to Dolmabaghchek, began to march past our hotel, each regiment with its band playing, and, as the streets are not lighted, accompanied by hundreds of men carrying lanterns, looking like glow-worms as they came up the hill past my windows. After breakfast the carriage came, at 5.30, and we drove rapidly along the Grande Rue and down the hill by the German Embassy, reaching the Palace just at its foot soon after six. It was a glorious morning, already hot, and we found our faithful friend, Sadik Bey, in his grandest uniform and covered with orders, awaiting us. He took us at once to the diplomatic waiting-room, which was rapidly filling, we being the only people present not belonging to an embassy or legation; and we heard afterwards our good fortune had excited the envy of other English visitors to

Pera. It was past seven when the second Master of Ceremonies appeared to summon us, and then began a hurried rush across the garden and up the countless stairs to a long gallery on one side of the largest audience hall in the world. We found on crossing the garden that the Sultan had already arrived, and we had not seen what is the most beautiful sight of the Bairam reception earlier in the year, his riding into the Palace on a white horse covered with jewelled trappings, surrounded by all his court officials, superbly mounted. As the Sultan slays his ram directly he dismounts on this occasion, no infidel eye may witness the arrival. The ram, a huge animal of the Angora breed, with snow-white fleece, lay dead as we passed at the foot of the steps by which the Sultan reaches his own apartments.

On arriving at our gallery we found that we were so high above the floor, and the hall of audience so vast, that we could scarcely distinguish the features of those below us. But for a few attendants hurrying about, the hall was empty, except that the throne, a large armchair and footstool in cloth of gold, already stood in its place at the upper end of the hall facing the grand entrance doors. Over these doors was a smaller gallery, where the band was placed, which played beautifully till the ceremony

began. Our gallery, though not much more than half the length of the hall, was large enough for a good ballroom. The ladies sat in front, looking over the balustrade, the gentlemen stood behind, and at the back, beneath the lofty windows, was a buffet, with gold plate laden with every delicacy. Gradually the hall began to fill, and as every one of the rank of a colonel and upwards throughout the whole Empire has a right to attend the Bairam receptions, the crowd of magnificent uniforms was very great. They stood in ranks, one behind the other, forming three sides of a square, leaving the centre of the hall facing the throne free. The Imperial Household, headed by the Chief Eunuch, stood across the hall behind the throne in order of precedence, all in magnificent uniforms, and most of them with orders. The second eunuch—a very tall, thin fellow—stood about the thirteenth, and above two of the Sultan's sons-in-law. It would be difficult to imagine a more gorgeous scene than the hall presented when all had entered and were awaiting the Sultan's entry. Every variety of uniform, sheiks from the desert in burnous and turban, priests, ulemahs, ministers all alike blazing with orders. I asked Sadik Bey why there was so long a delay, as it was nearly eight o'clock. He told me that the Sultan, tired with the early prayers, had

gone to sleep, and no one can venture to disturb H.I.M. At length the band ceased, and the small, stately man appeared through a door near the throne, followed by Osman Ghazi only. The Sultan wore a plain military frock-coat, a fez, like all the rest of the brilliant throng, with a curved gold-hilted sword—no decoration of any sort. As he entered every one in the hall bowed to the very ground, and remained so till he had taken his seat. Osman Ghazi stood at the right of the Sultan's throne, with a gold-embroidered scarf over his right arm, which was kissed by the less august members of the assembly, who had no right to touch the Sultan.

As soon as the Sultan was seated the court ulemah stepped up on his left and uttered a low prayer, the whole assembly standing in the prayer attitude, with the hands raised and the palms turned towards the face, as if forming a book. Directly the priest stepped back, the reception began at once in perfect silence; the Pashas passing upon the Sultan's right, prostrating themselves and kissing the scarf, and then backing away on his left in a crouching attitude, and saluting as they backed by touching the ground, their heart, and their forehead with the right hand. Those who were well accustomed to court life executed this movement with perfect grace, but most of the

provincial Pashas were exquisitely awkward, and, instead of pausing between each salutation, continued the movement incessantly, and long after they were hidden from the Sultan by those following them.

The Pashas who were personal friends of the Sultan were not allowed to fall at his feet; a very slight movement of the Imperial hand showed that they were only to bow low; and old Raoulf Pasha, who had lost a leg at Plevna, was not expected to back across the room, but was permitted to pass away at once behind the throne. No one else left the hall. Two incidents excited great attention. The Bulgarian Envoy had been treated a few days before with considerable hauteur by the Russian Ambassador, on which the Sultan had said he should not run the chance of any indignity in the diplomatic gallery at the reception, but should stand below with the Royal household; and there he was in plain evening dress, most conspicuous among all the uniforms. The other notable incident was the reception of the ex-Khedive, Ismael Pasha, who was known to be in great disgrace owing to some marriage intrigue in which he had been engaged. As the old man approached no sign of recognition was visible on the Sultan's countenance, and Ismael was allowed to

grovel at the Sultan's feet, and back away at the side, without one kind look. At length all had passed by, and taken their places again in ranks round the hall.

And now the silence was broken for the first time, the Grand Master of Ceremonies, Munir Pasha, stepping into the centre of the hall and announcing in a loud voice, 'The Sheik-ul-Islam.' Immediately a tall, dignified old man, in a long white robe and turban, with the Grand Cordon of the Medjidieh, approached up the open space in the centre, and as he neared the throne the Sultan rose and bowed his head, whilst the Sheik-ul-Islam raised his hands in blessing and uttered a prayer, all the Pashas reassuming the attitude of prayer. He then stood aside and the Sultan resumed his place, and all the other ulemahs present came forward up the centre and made their obeisance. Their dresses were most brilliant—black, green, purple, and blue satin robes mixed with white—and many of them wore orders.

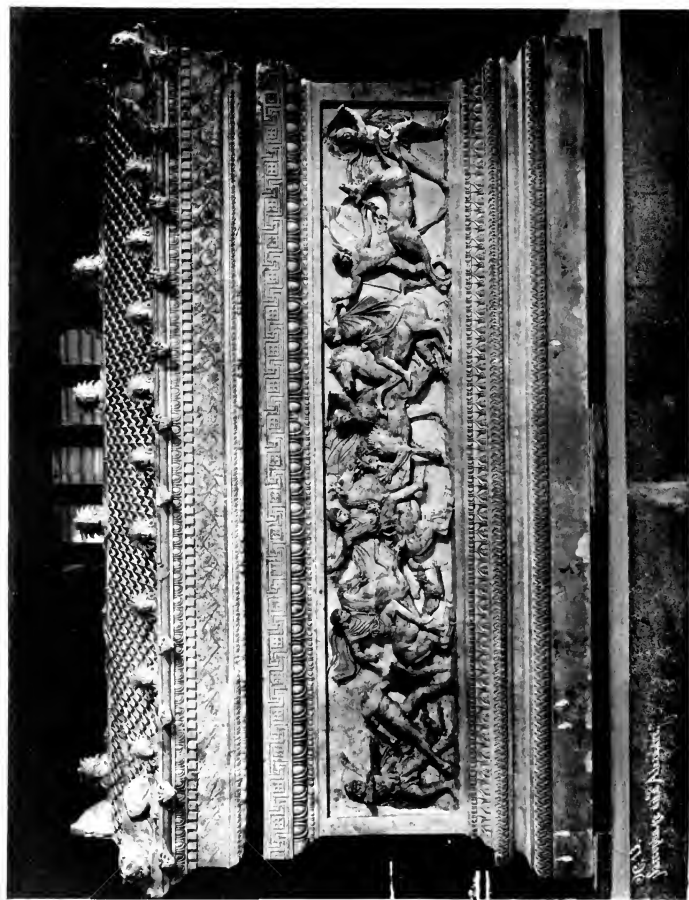
As soon as the last ulemah had passed, the Sultan rose, without any sort of salutation to any one, and whilst all present bowed again to the very ground, passed out of the hall, with only Osman Ghazi in attendance. The hall quickly emptied itself, and we were glad to turn to the inviting buffets, for though it was only nine o'clock, most of us had breakfasted

soon after five. On our way from the Palace to the landing-place, where the various embassy steam launches were waiting, we passed innumerable cafés full of Pashas and officers in full uniform sipping coffee and smoking after the fatigues of the reception. Sadik Bey bade us farewell at the hall, having to attend the audience granted to all the household officials.

‘When will that be?’ I asked.

‘It is impossible to say,’ he replied, ‘His Majesty is going to sleep; we cannot say when he will wake.’

We were glad to accept the offer of places in the Austrian launch, and, though it was but little past ten o’clock when we reached Therapia, we felt that we had already had a long and exciting day.



SARCOPHAGUS OF ALEXANDER

XII

THE NEW MUSEUM AND THE SIDON SARCOPHAGI ¹

I AM not going to write a guide-book of Constantinople, or to make extracts from Murray and Baedeker. Murray's latest edition is excellent, and Baedeker is always useful. There are besides photographs of the principal sights of Constantinople and the Bosphorus, and neither pen nor ink could attempt to rival the clearness and accuracy of Abdullah's rich collection of views taken in the transparent air of the Bosphorus. What I care for is to persuade people to make the journey to Constantinople themselves, and to enjoy it as I have enjoyed it. No one should try to see the sights of this magnificent city without having studied a guide-book before his arrival there. Nor should he attempt to find his way to what he wishes to see without a regular guide and interpreter, though he has to be very careful in his choice. I had the

¹ This letter appeared first in the *New Review*.

exceeding good fortune of having for my guide a highly cultivated Turk, or rather Arab, one of the aides-de-camp of the Sultan, whom his Imperial Majesty had appointed to attend on us during the whole of our stay at Constantinople. Not only was he able to act as interpreter, but such was the prestige of his uniform that all doors were readily thrown open, and treasures seldom or never exhibited were freely shown to us. Sadik Bey¹ spoke German, French, Turkish, and Arabic, and having lived at Berlin for some time he could readily enter into the feelings with which we regard Oriental life, and point out objects that would be of special interest to Europeans. He was a Turkish officer, and in every sense a Turkish patriot, truly devoted to his sovereign, and willing, if need be, to fight and die for him, for his country, and his religion. He took us to see everything that could be seen without too great an effort. It would have been beyond my powers to study Constantinople thoroughly from an historical and antiquarian point of view, for I was sent there to rest, and had to be satisfied, therefore, with letting the old monuments and ruins pass before my eyes and speak to me, while I listened to the recollections which

¹ Sadik Bey was on the Commission sent the other day to inquire into the massacres and forced conversions in Asia Minor.

they called forth and which lighted up some of the old buildings as with sudden rays of electric light.

With a little trouble any stranger can now get admission to the principal monuments at Constantinople. One has to pay bakshîsh, but the idea that the Turks scowl at visitors who enter the Mosques is purely imaginary. Turks do not smile or smirk; but as to their wishing to kill all Christian dogs, that is a purely subjective prejudice on the part of timid travellers. Certain places are forbidden, and if strangers from ignorance or inquisitiveness enter there, the Turk makes it very clear that he does not approve of it, but he does not dream of expressing his disapproval by means of the dagger. There is a police and there is law at Constantinople as everywhere else, nor is religious fanaticism any longer an excuse for violence or brutality. A Turkish cabman who was rude to us is not likely to repeat his offence; he was at once sent to prison and lost his licence. Excesses will happen in Turkey as well as at Aigues-Mortes in France, but such excesses are punished in Turkey even more promptly than in France¹.

Among the sights of Constantinople which have

¹ I do not alter this, for it was true at the time; and what, I believe, is true still, is that the Christian religion as a religion is not hated by Mohammedans. The hatred against the Armenians is racial and political.

but lately become accessible, and are therefore hardly known to the public at large, the most important is the new Museum of Antiquities. Even the guide-books say, as yet, little about its marvellous treasures, and many visitors leave Constantinople without having heard of it.

There has long been a Museum of Antiquities at Stambûl, but few people have taken the trouble to visit it, nor did it deserve a visit from a busy traveller. The first idea of collecting antiquities, instead of allowing them to be destroyed or carried off to the museums abroad, seems to have come from Féthi Ahmed Pasha, who in 1850 deposited a certain number of ancient coins and other remnants of antiquity in the Church of St. Irene. In 1875, Subhi Pasha, Minister, for a time, of Public Instruction, and himself an experienced numismatist, had the whole collection transferred to the Chinili Kiosk in the old Seraglio. This kiosk is one of the most ancient Mohammedan buildings at Constantinople. It is most interesting as a specimen of Mohammedan architecture; the tiles more particularly with which the walls are covered are most perfect. Soon, however, the rooms of the kiosk became crowded, and of late years, when a new impulse had been given to archaeological research in Turkey, through the

labours of Hamdy Bey and others, it became necessary to provide new and larger rooms for the treasures which were brought to light in great abundance. The Turkish soil is a perfect mine of art treasures—a mine as yet very imperfectly explored, and utilized chiefly by foreign workmen. We know the brilliant discoveries which have rewarded the labours of Schliemann and of the various scientific expeditions sent by the English, French, and German Governments to various parts of the Turkish empire. If the Turkish Government would undertake this work of disinterring the treasures of antiquity more systematically, its museums would soon rival, nay excel, the best museums in Europe. An excellent beginning has been made, and thanks to the perseverance of Hamdy Bey, thanks to the enlightened and generous support of the present Sultan, Abdul Hamid, Constantinople now possesses a new museum which every Turk may well be proud of. This museum was built opposite the Chinili Kiosk, the architect being Vallaury Effendi. It was chiefly intended for the magnificent sarcophagi which were discovered in 1887 by Hamdy Bey. The fame of this discovery spread quickly over Europe, and the most extravagant accounts were published, though no one had really seen the works of art which Hamdy Bey had unearthed at Sidon. Hamdy Bey has been

blamed for keeping these treasures so long under lock and key; nay, it was considered very unfair that he should not at once have made over his sarcophagi to the care of one of the great European museums. It was thought that the Turks had no right to keep these treasures of classical antiquity. Instead of being grateful that Turkey should have produced one real lover of ancient art, and that he should have gained the sympathy and generous protection of the Sultan, there were grumblings that Turkey should dare to call these art treasures her own. Even now everything seems considered allowable in carrying off, that is, in stealing, whatever ancient works of art can be recovered from Turkish soil, whether by fair means or by foul. Hamdy Bey, seeing what mischief was being done by unscrupulous hands in acquiring and selling the most beautiful specimens of ancient art, has induced the Sultan to issue an order which makes that kind of traffic illegal and punishable. The same law exists in all countries, but in Turkey alone it is thought fair to decry it, nay, to defy it, in the interest, it is said, of archaeological science, but too often from far lower motives. The present Sultan must indeed feel proud when he sees how magnificently the patronage which he has bestowed on Hamdy Bey and his excavations at Sidon has been rewarded.

Even now there is no collection of sarcophagi or funeral monuments in the world that can rival the collection in the new Imperial Museum at Constantinople, and there is every prospect of a large increase of the present collection. One meets there serious students who have come from many parts of Europe to see the Sidon sarcophagi, and if these treasures once become more generally known they will prove a powerful attraction to many intelligent travellers, just as the Parthenon marbles draw people to the British Museum, or as the Venus of Milo collects hundreds of worshippers around her in the Louvre of Paris.

The first discovery of these sarcophagi was made as usual by mere accident. In 1887, one Mohammed Cherif was digging for building materials on a plot of land belonging to him near the village of Helalieh, about a mile north-east of Saida, i. e. Sidon, and only a few hundred yards from the coast of the Mediterranean. He was not aware that it was sacred ground on which he was at work. There was, however, a strong local tradition that the neighbourhood had been a kind of necropolis. Renan had been exploring that very neighbourhood. What a triumph it would have been for him and for France, if he had discovered these magnificent works of art and deposited them

safely in the Louvre by the side of the famous sarcophagus of Eshmunezar, which was found two kilometres south of Helalieh, at Magarat Abloan, and forms now one of the most important treasures of the Louvre, while here, under his very feet, was the sarcophagus of his father, Tabnith, King of Sidon. The sarcophagus of Eshmunezar was bought for 15,000 francs by the late Duc de Luynes. The sarcophagus found by Hamdy Bey is that of the father of Eshmunezar, King Tabnith of Sidon. No one, however, rejoiced more over Hamdy Bey's discovery than Renan himself. Free as he always was from all feelings of jealousy, he was one of the first to congratulate the Turkish *savant* on his good fortune. This sarcophagus of Tabnith is the only one with an inscription, or rather with two inscriptions, one in hieroglyphics, the other in ancient Phenician. From the hieroglyphic inscription it appears that it was occupied originally by an Egyptian general, called Penephtah; while the Phenician inscription states that its last occupant was Tabnith, King of Sidon. The same name occurs on the sarcophagus in the Louvre, where Eshmunezar calls himself the son of Tabnith and Amashtoreth.

In close proximity to this sarcophagus was found another which had not been opened and plundered,

and which, when opened, contained a golden girdle, a royal circlet, a tress of hair, bones and teeth, and remains of linen bandages. The sarcophagus is made of black marble, indicating the outlines of the human body and therefore called anthropoidal. As Eshmunezar in the inscription of the Louvre calls himself the son of Tabnith and Amashtoreth, it has been reasonably concluded that the remains of the anthropoidal or demi-anthropoidal sarcophagus in the same cave were probably those of Amashtoreth, the wife of Tabnith and the mother of Eshmunezar. The date assigned to these sarcophagi, or rather their latest occupants, is about the end of the fifth century B.C., or, according to Maspero, the fourth century B.C. Hamdy Bey objects to the ground being called a necropolis, and he is right in so far as the Phenicians seem to have buried their dead at random rather than in a sacred precinct destined for the dead. Still the spot where these sarcophagi were found was evidently considered very convenient for sepulchral purposes. The very name given to a garden close to the hill of Helalieh, where the sarcophagi were found, viz. *Bostan el Magara*, the garden of grottos, ought to have directed explorers to this spot. It seems that as early as 1880 some Christian graves were discovered in the same locality, and Hamdy Bey is

justified in expecting more discoveries in this neighbourhood whenever he is enabled to carry on his researches more systematically. At present he is anxious to protect the mine which he has opened and to prevent depredations, whether in the interest of science or of trade.

The archaeological public, after hearing the first news of the discovery at Saida, was naturally impatient to see the sarcophagi, and to receive a full account from the pen of the discoverer. But such impatience is apt to become unreasonable. The actual digging took place from April 18 to June 20, 1887. When these colossal sarcophagi had been safely transported from Saida to Constantinople, they had to be repaired, and though on the whole they had suffered little, yet there were hundreds of fragments which Hamdy Bey had collected in the funeral chambers, and which had to be fitted, and fixed in their right place. Even then these works of art could not have been properly shown except in a new museum. This had to be built, and there they may now be seen and studied to great advantage. The publication of Hamdy Bey's Report began in 1892. Two numbers are published, the third is advertised as soon to appear. (*Une Nécropole Royale à Sidon, Fouilles de Hamdy Bey*, par O. Hamdy Bey

et Théodore Reinach. Paris: E. Lerou. 1892.) If one considers how many difficulties had to be overcome in order to obtain these results, and how little help there is at Constantinople for the work that in the Louvre or the British Museum is done by a regular staff, every fair-minded judge will confess that there has been no unreasonable delay. There are difficulties in Turkey as elsewhere when scholars wish to publish expensive books with illustrations, and it reflects great honour on the French Minister of Instruction that he has *bien voulu, par son libéral concours, favoriser la publication de cet ouvrage*. Would any English Minister have ventured to do this?

The result of Hamdy Bey's excavations and publications is certainly most satisfactory. He has as yet explored two large subterraneous hypogeums only, and he has extracted twenty-one sarcophagi, of which eighteen are of first-rate importance. One chamber, the lowest and oldest, contained the Egyptian sarcophagus, originally the tomb of an Egyptian general, but afterwards appropriated by Tabnith, King of Sidon. The other, consisting of seven separate compartments, yielded no less than seventeen.

We must remember that the first excavations laid open a large central chamber, from which passages on the north, east, south, and west led to larger caves,

filled with various stone coffins. In the north chamber were found two sarcophagi. In cleaning this chamber two large openings were discovered east and west, leading into two chambers. That on the east contained an ordinary sarcophagus without ornamentation, while in that on the west four white marble coffins were found, of great artistic beauty. The largest of them, called *Le Sarcophage du Satrape*, showed on one of the small sides a scene in high relief with traces of colour, representing a man in an Oriental head-dress, clothed in a flowing robe. In his left hand he holds a cup, with his right he holds out a rhyton to a lady standing before him, who fills it from a pitcher. Behind her is a woman sitting, her head covered by the skirt of her dress, and on the right of the old man another woman is standing. On the other small side four young men are represented, clad in short tunics and holding staves. On one of the larger sides we see an old man sitting on a throne, a tiara on his head, and holding a sceptre in his right hand. He seems to watch a quadriga which is being mounted by a young man in a short dress taken in at the waist, and his head covered by a flowing veil. A servant resting on a stick holds the starting horses. Another servant holds a horse by the bridle. Some figures behind the throne are less distinct. On the

other large side we see apparently the same old man on horseback, fighting a lion. Another horseman is attacking the lion with his lance. At the right a rider unseated clings to the reins of his horse. Behind the principal figure we see a wounded deer and a horseman trying to hold in his horse. All this need be no more than a general representation of the principal occupations of Asiatic life, war and the chase, but the so-called satrap sitting on his throne, with the young men starting for the war, may possibly be intended for an Homeric scene, possibly for Hector or Paris taking leave of Priam before joining the battle around the walls of Troy, somewhat in the style of the Gjölbaschi sculptures, only on a much larger scale. One of the smaller sides has been interpreted as a death scene, the female figure at the foot of the bed mourning over the dying man.

The discovery of this important sarcophagus was soon followed by even greater surprises. In the chamber on the eastern side of the central vestibule two white marble sarcophagi came to light, that on the left being plain, while that on the right was an elaborate work of art of the highest technical perfection. It represents an Ionic temple, the peristyle being divided into eighteen recesses, separated by fluted columns, each recess holding a female figure in Greek

robes. Here, too, traces of colour were visible. It has been called the *Sarcophage des Pleureuses*, but the question is whether these figures represent one and the same person in different attitudes of mourning, or whether they were meant to symbolize grief in its various manifestations ; whether, in fact, the sarcophagus should be called *Le Sarcophage des Pleureuses*, or *Le Sarcophage de la Pleureuse*. The lid of the coffin forms the roof of a temple, consisting of overlapping tiles. There are sculptured groups on both the pediments, while above the cornice on either side we see a funeral procession about twenty inches in height. Inside the coffin, which had been rifled before, were found some bones of a man and seven dogs' heads, but nothing else to indicate the name or rank of the deceased. No attempt has yet been made to account for the presence inside the sarcophagus of these heads of seven dogs.

On the third side, in the south chamber, the workmen came on a white marble sarcophagus, which from its form was at once recognized as of Lycian origin. It represents, like the Lycian tombs in the British Museum and at Vienna, an imitation in stone of a wooden structure, the lid forming a curved roof with gables at each end. The sculptured reliefs are more ancient and severe in style than those

on the Greek sarcophagi, but it is impossible to say whether therefore they are earlier in date. All that may be said is that they must be earlier than the fifth century, the date of the Phœnician sarcophagus, and that they cannot be later than the third century B. C., the date of the more finished Greek sarcophagi.

The greatest surprise, however, was still in store. In a chamber leading out of the western side a magnificent sarcophagus of white marble was discovered, with three others, every one of which would have made the fortune of an archaeological discoverer. It is eleven feet in length, four feet eight inches in height, and covered by a lid nearly three feet high. It has been called *Le Sarcophage d'Alexandre*, and will probably long continue to be known by that name, though there is hardly a single argument in its favour that would stand serious criticism. One side represents a hunting scene, the other a fight between Greeks and barbarians, evidently Persians. One knows the Greeks from being either naked or clothed in a slight chlamys, and wearing helmets or the Macedonian *causia*; the Persians are distinguishable by their close-fitting trousers (*anaxyrides*), and by their tunics, which cover head and chin. The trappings of the Greek or Persian horses also can easily be distinguished.

It is a pity that this sarcophagus should ever have been represented as that of Alexander the Great. It would no doubt be worthy of that honour as a work of art, but all historical evidence is against such a supposition. Without entering into details, it is safe to say that Alexander died at Babylon, and that his body was taken to Egypt, first to Memphis, then to Alexandria. It was at Alexandria that Augustus saw it. No one seems ever to have seen it anywhere else. There is a tradition that Caligula took away the breastplate, to wear it himself at Rome. At that time the tomb of Alexander was at Alexandria, and no one has ever spoken of it as being at Sidon. There is one figure on horseback with a lion's skin on his head, and this was taken as a sure indication that the figure was meant for Alexander. But Alexander is not the only kingly person represented with that headgear. Supposing, however, that the sarcophagus had been intended for Alexander, would any artist in his senses have introduced the king in a corner of the picture, undistinguished by any royal insignia; and would he have reproduced on the sarcophagus scenes in which the Persians are the conquerors rather than the conquered? To call it the sarcophagus of Clitus is equally groundless. The story published in the papers of the discovery of the real tomb of



SARCOPHAGUS OF THE PLEUREUSES

Alexander and of Cleopatra seems to have been a mere hoax. Nothing was known of it at Alexandria, as I was assured myself by H.E. Tigrané Pasha. Why not practise a little agnosticism and confess that as yet we have no indication as to the person for whom this and the other beautiful sarcophagi were intended, except in the case of Tabnith, the father of Eshmunezar, King of Sidon? Beautiful they are, each in its own way, and most interesting from an historical point of view.

But here also much caution is needed. These monuments, though found in the same place, should not be considered as contemporaneous, nor as representing local Phœnician art. To judge from the Egyptian sarcophagus of King Tabnith, there can be little doubt that the rich princes and merchants of Phœnicia bought their sarcophagi in Egypt and elsewhere, even if they had been occupied before. Thus, and thus only, can it be explained that we should find in the same place monuments of Egyptian, Lycian, and Greek workmanship. The specimens of Greek workmanship are the most perfect of their kind, though they do not belong to the heyday of Greek art. The sarcophagus called *Les Pleureuses*, in which a mourning woman is represented in different attitudes of grief, appeals from the first moment to

our sympathy, but after a time it leaves a monotonous impression, and shows a poverty of artistic imagination. We miss the touching simplicity of the more ancient funeral monuments, where we see the departed shaking hands for the last time with wife and children, and looking sadly at his dog. We see here the same woman in every conceivable attitude of grief, and as if saying to the spectator, 'Look how I am crying and mourning!' The look of the departed at his faithful dog and of the dog at his master is more eloquent than all the tears and attitudes of the disconsolate widow.

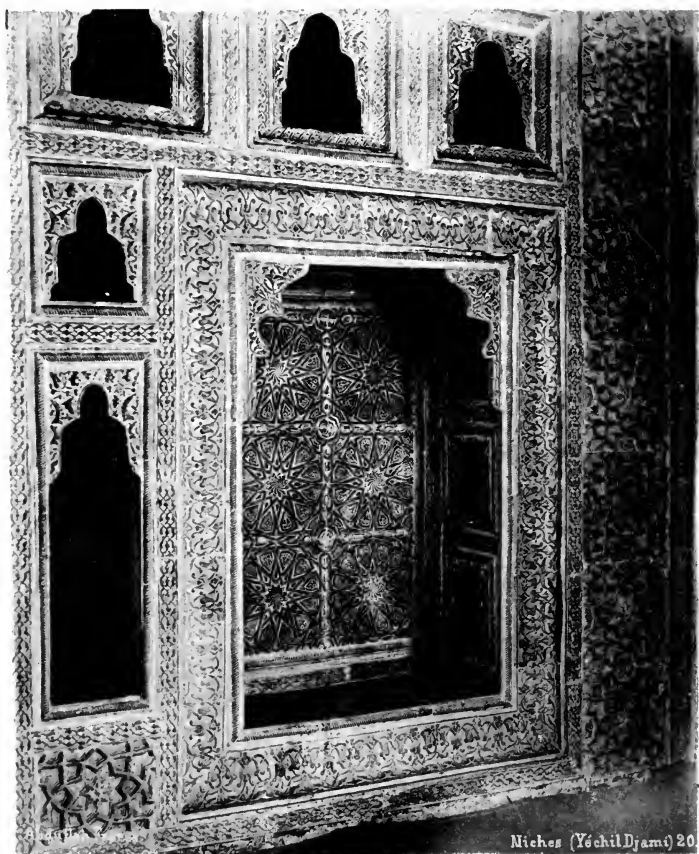
The so-called sarcophagus of Alexander is of the same type as the famous Fugger sarcophagus which I saw at Vienna, only far better preserved. The grouping is excellent, the execution of the single figures full of life and spirit. But the figures are crowded, and there is no longer the simple grandeur and repose of the highest art of Greece. It looks like Greek art of the Alexandrian and post-Alexandrian periods, full of dramatic movement, full of sentiment, but without the simple dignity of the best Greek sculptures. The Lycian sarcophagus is a splendid specimen of Lycian art, more perfect than anything at the British Museum, and more advanced in artistic decoration. The so-called *Sarcophage du Satrape*

strikes one at first as somewhat stiff and unfinished, but after all it comes nearest to the master-works of Greek sculpture. These newly discovered treasures have hitherto been strangely neglected by English archaeologists. I believe that this is really the first notice of them in an English journal. It now rests with professed students of Greek sculpture to fix their date and determine their *provenance*. But whatever the final verdict may be, everybody will recognize the greatness of the discovery here made, and be ready to give full credit to Hamdy Bey for the perseverance with which he has overcome the innumerable difficulties which faced him on every side. Whoever it was that these monuments were meant to commemorate, they will for ever commemorate the name of the first Turkish archaeologist, Hamdy Bey, and of his enlightened patron, Sultan Abdul Hamid.

There are many more monuments, chiefly funereal, on the ground floor of the new Museum; others stand outside, a Lycian tomb among the rest, waiting to be housed when room can be found for them. In the upper story there are curious collections of antiquities sent to the Turkish Government by Schliemann and other explorers. There are many Babylonian, Accadian, and so-called Hittite inscriptions which, if properly arranged and labelled, would

fully reward the labours of specialists. All these treasures are freely thrown open, and both Hamdy Bey and his brother are there ready to receive all serious students and to assist them in their researches with truly Turkish courtesy.

F. MAX MÜLLER.



Niches (Yéhil Djamî) 20

THE GREEN MOSQUE, BRÛSA

XIII

BRÛSA

WE were curious to visit Brûsa, if possible, but had found so much to do and see at Constantinople that it was not till the first week in July we found ourselves free to do so. We were fortunate in having Sadik Bey with us, which made the whole difference in the comfort of the trip, everything giving way to the Palace aide-de-camp, though even he was unable to secure good accommodation at what was supposed to be the best hotel, where everything, and especially the food, was dirty and bad. Sadik was greatly pleased at the idea of the excursion, and as anxious as a child till the Sultan's permission was secured. As we were under his escort we required no Yol tezkereh, or signed permit, to visit Brûsa, though on our arriving at the steamer about nine o'clock we had some difficulty in getting on board, as Sadik had not arrived, and we had no permit to show. However, on our son's assurance that we belonged to the

Ingilêz Serai, we were allowed to settle ourselves on deck. The passage takes about four hours. It was a very fine day, not too hot, and the trip was most enjoyable. Our point was Mudania, a small town on the gulf of the same name, one of several gulfs that run inland from the Marmara. The largest is the Gulf of Ismid, at the mouth of which lie the beautiful Princes' Islands. One's first impression on entering the Gulf of Mudania is the wealth of vegetation that clothes the sides of the hills, which in some places rise steeply from the water's edge, whilst far away in the distance one sees the snow-covered summits of Olympus. We had taken care to take luncheon with us on board, as the provisions in such steamers are not very trustworthy, with the exception of the excellent coffee. Sadik Bey pointed out to us among the passengers a curious man, a sort of buffoon and conjurer, very well known in Constantinople, and often invited by the Turks to perform his tricks in their houses. He could contort his face and limbs into almost any shape, and we watched him for some time playing in the most natural way with a mouse on his arm, made out of his handkerchief. He recognized us the next day as he passed our hotel where we were sitting on the balcony, and began dancing and making extraordinary faces.

On landing at Mudania we settled to drive to Brûsa, as the train would not start for some time. The heat had become very great, and for some distance after leaving the shore we had a steep climb up a shadeless dusty road, but with fine views back on the bay sparkling in the bright sunshine. At last we came towards the top of the ascent and got a little shade from the thick mulberry groves, and crossing the hill, the wonderful plain of Brûsa burst into view, with the Nilûfer flowing along it, backed by the snow-clad range of Olympus, and the white walls and Mosques and houses of Brûsa nestling at its foot, and shining out from a wealth of verdure—the amount of green foliage is a great characteristic of the place. The air is so marvellously clear that we thought an hour at the utmost would bring us to the city, whereas we were still a long way from the halfway resting-place. From the top of the hill the descent to the Nilûfer is very steep, and the great heat made us welcome the halfway house, with its grove of fine plane-trees, on the banks of the stream. In winter and early spring this river is a mad torrent. The land on each side of the road from this point on to Brûsa is splendidly cultivated. We strolled a little through the town that evening, and found that it is built on three spurs of the Olympus range, separated from each other by deep

ravines spanned below and above by bridges. The central division is the oldest part of the town, and contains on its highest portion the citadel, with the tombs of Osman and Orkhan, and the old Palace where the Osmanli Sultans lived. On the lower portion are the Bazârs and the Great Mosque.

The eastern spur, separated from the centre by the Geuk Sû, or Blue Water, contains the famous Green Mosque, and the Türbeh or tomb of Muhammad I, considered the gem of Brûsa. The western spur is noted for the 'Tombs of the Sultans.' Brûsa, then called Prusa, was the capital of Bithynia, and was left by the last Bithynian monarch to the Romans. Pliny the younger was governor of Prusa, which must have been a large and prosperous city in his days, with a gymnasium, hot baths, and library. For many years it was alternately possessed by Christians and Mohammedans, until finally taken by Orkhan in 1326, when it became the residence of the Osmanli Sultans, and capital of their empire. Here and there on the middle spur traces of Roman masonry are to be seen, and there are several well-preserved portions of the Byzantine walls.

We were up and out early in the morning, for the Mosques and Türbehs of Brûsa are very numerous, and the place is said to have a Mosque and a walk

for every day in the year. The 'Great Mosque' is a perfect square, and is built on the plan of the earliest Mosques, very different from those of Constantinople, which are nearly all copied from St. Sophia, a square with apses on three sides. There are five aisles in the Great Mosque, and in the centre a large space is left unroofed so that the sun shines down into the central fountain. Except that the Minber or Friday pulpit is splendidly carved, this vast Mosque looked bare to us, after the more decorated Mosques of Stambûl. But we held our breath in wonder when we entered the Green Mosque, built by Muhammad I in 1420, the internal walls of which are entirely covered with old faïence of exquisite design, green being the chief colour. The doors, and the whole of what one might call a side chapel, were of carved white marble. There were formerly two tall minarets entirely covered with green faïence, but these were thrown down in the terrible earthquake of 1855, which destroyed much of the town, and in which over 1,000 people lost their lives. The Green Mosque stands on a platform facing the superb vale of Brûsa. Close by is the Türbeh of Muhammad I, the gem of the whole city, which was once covered outside as well as inside with faïence. Vefyk Pasha, who as governor of Brûsa did so much

for the place, substituted green tiles for the outside faïence destroyed in 1855. The beauty of the designs (chiefly floral) of the faïence in the interior of this Mosque baffles one's power of description.

Vefyk Pasha died the year before our visit. He was a very enlightened man, and we saw his fine library at Rumili Hissar, which was for sale when we were in Turkey. Sadik Bey arranged a visit to the library, and one afternoon, under his guidance, we landed at Rumili Hissar¹ and climbed the steep streets of the little town, so steep that they were arranged in steps. At the very top we found a wall enclosing the house of Vefyk Pasha. A door in this wall opened at our summons, and we found ourselves in a garden which was a mass of roses. We were received by several servants, all standing with their hands joined in front, the right attitude for servants in Turkey, that it may be at once seen they have no weapon in their hands. They led us into a long low house, the largest room of which contained the library, which had been carefully

¹ Rumili Hissar is at the narrowest part of the Bosphorus, and is supposed to be the spot at which Xerxes crossed. The castle was built by Muhammad the Conqueror, just before the siege of Constantinople. The outlines of the walls are said to form the Arabic letters of his name. Each M is marked by a tower, and the whole is picturesque beyond words.

collected by its late owner, and contained many rare first editions of English and French books, many of them old classical works. There were also a number of grammars and dictionaries, and a few fine MSS. Beautiful china, fine faïence, and many other treasures lay about, and everything was for sale. We were told that an American had offered a very large sum for the whole, but the heirs could not agree, and let the chance slip. For many months after we left the auction went on, a few volumes at a time, and the whole, after long delay, brought in much less than the American offer. Our son secured one rare work for a very small sum.

But to return to Brûsa. One more Mosque we visited that morning, the Mosque and Türbeh of Bayezid I. They stand all alone, on a mound, apart from every building, lonely and forsaken; and here the Thunderbolt, as he was surnamed, the conqueror of Greece, Servia, and Wallachia, and large provinces in Asia, was buried after his defeat and capture by the Mongols under Tamerlane, who is said to have carried him about for eight months, till he died of a broken heart. Bayezid was the first to assume the title of Sultan.

The heat by this time was almost unbearable, and Sadik proposed our taking shelter in the shady

Bazârs. We did so, and saw some fine specimens of the Kutaya pottery, the colouring and glaze of which are very beautiful ; but though most tempting, we found it was so fragile that it was not prudent to buy much. One lovely vase in which I invested was chipped even in getting it to the hotel. We bought Brûsa silk and towels, which are a fine kind of Turkish towels, and Sadik laid in a number of small gifts for his brother aides-de-camp and friends at home. After luncheon we could only go to our rooms and rest in the lightest possible clothing, till the sun was getting low, when we drove to the upper part of the central town, round the citadel to the Esplanade, a terrace built up by Vefyk Pasha, from which we had fine views over the town stretching below us to right and left, in its green setting of foliage, of which the lofty cypresses were the most striking feature, and beyond the town of the rich Brûsa valley.

The tombs of Osman and Orkhan his son, the conqueror of Brûsa, stand behind this Esplanade, and were well restored by Vefyk. They are of dazzling white marble, and are decorated inside with beautiful shawls and carpets like the Türbehs in Stambûl. Osman's turban, hanging at the head of his tomb, bears the Order of the Osmanieh, founded by

Abdul Aziz in 1860, in diamonds, whilst the Grand Cordon of the Order, and its pendant in huge diamonds, hang from it. These are secured at night in a strong chamber in the floor, though the Türbeh is never left without a watchman. As we were looking at these decorations, we observed Sadik step aside, and stand in the attitude of prayer, whilst he repeated a prayer by the tomb of his great Sultan, the first of the Osmanli Caliphs. We then went on to the Türbeh of Murad II, a simple domed building, in the centre of which lies the Sultan who defeated Hunyades and Scanderbeg, the great Hungarian and Albanian generals, in several tremendous battles, and then abdicated and retired to Magnesia, where he ended his days in sybaritic luxury. And yet it was his special wish to be buried as a poor man, in a simple grave of earth. This was done, though the grave was edged with marble, but that the rain and snow may fall on it, as if in the open air, an opening is left in the centre of the dome. This Türbeh stands in one of the loveliest spots in Brûsa, so quiet and secluded. 'The Tombs of the Sultans' are surrounded by a wall and rise amid rose gardens, and are overshadowed by huge plane-trees, larger than any we ever see in England. Though these Türbehs (there are some eight or ten of them) are of simple brick or stone,

several of them contain fine Persian tiles. One Türbeh is the resting-place of the Christian wife of Murad II, a Servian princess, the only Christian Sultana who never became a Mohammedan; for the famous Roxalana, whose Türbeh we had seen in Stambûl, early deserted the Greek Church. Among the tombs of the Sultans there are the graves of many poets, philosophers, and holy men, attracted to the brilliant courts of the earlier Sultans who reigned at Brûsa. We lingered in this quiet and impressive spot till the short twilight warned us to return to our hotel, and after dinner we sat in the garden, Sadik enjoying his hubble-bubble, or nargileh—a pipe with a long tube, smoked through water—in which he always indulged when he could get one.

The next morning early, the English Consul called and went with us to the Bazârs, where we spent the whole morning bargaining. Sadik proved himself a wonderful adept in the art. He made the merchants swear by their holy religion for how much they had bought their goods, and to this he added five or ten per cent., as he thought fair. We secured by his aid a really superb carpet, two worked silver melons, about 200 years old, as large as a man's head, and supposed to ensure the wealth and prosperity of those who possess them, two diamond and enamel pins, an

exquisite coffee-cup holder in gold and Persian enamel, some more Brûsa silk, and other things. The Brûsa silk, which is very soft and light, is famous in the East. We saw the beautiful Greek girls who keep the silkworms, bringing in the bright yellow cocoons in huge baskets to the various spinning factories. The silk culture is almost entirely in the hands of the Greeks. When we were at Brûsa the cocoons were coming in from the villages round at the rate of 100,000 a day, and we saw the women at Chekirgeh stringing them together ready for the market. All the soft-striped silk gauze used for kaïkjis shirts is made at Brûsa.

In the afternoon we went out with the Consul, and first visited the Mosque of Murad I, on the road to Chekirgeh, the 'Locust Village.' This is only interesting as being more like a Christian monastery than a Mosque, the cells for the Softas, or theologian students, are really a part of the Mosque, and not built, as is usual, across the court-yard; the students therefore, whilst sitting in their cells, could take part in the Friday prayer in the Mosque. In the Türbeh of this Sultan we saw a huge copper vessel, always kept full of corn, which is sold to the people. A few grains mixed with the seed-corn is supposed to ensure a good harvest. There is a terrace here with a fine view, and a marble fountain which gives forth hot and cold water

from alternate jets. Several such springs of hot and cold water close together were known to the ancients, notably one at Troy, all trace of which is now lost. Sadik told me this fountain had been a great puzzle to his mother-in-law, when staying the year before at Chekirgeh with his wife, who was using the baths. We drove on to the village to see the famous iron and sulphur springs, and visited one of the lodging-houses so much frequented in May by rheumatic and other patients, and which have the waters laid on into the house. The waters are sulphur and iron, and some of the springs attain the great heat of 178° F. It is probable that Chekirgeh is the place where Justinian built a palace and bath, which was visited by the Empress Theodora with a suite of 4,000 people.

We visited the most famous of the baths, built about 350 years ago, in the reign of Suleiman the Magnificent. Whilst the gentlemen went to the men's baths, I was taken to the women's. The whole place was decorated with faïence of the brightest colours and most graceful patterns. In the outer room the pretty Turkish ladies were resting after their bath on divans, chatting, smoking cigarettes, and sipping coffee, all dressed in the most gorgeous brocades and silks of every brilliant hue, and of course without veils; in the second room they were lying in

undress, half asleep, having just left the hot bath. I could only stay a moment in the inner or bath room, the heat was so great. The huge basin is covered by a high dome, and the women were all splashing about in the hot water, their large dark eyes in striking contrast to the dazzling white of their skin. Below the baths, where the water runs off, we noticed a small hill of iron deposit. We then drove on, climbing up a road formed by Vefyk Pasha on the side of the hill, with superb views. We were driving nearly due west, and reached at last the village of Inkaya, with a fine view over the lake of Apollonia, far below us, and miles of forest stretching away in all directions. There is a wonderful plane-tree at Inkaya, which the five of us could not span. We sat for a time under it, and ate cherries brought us by the children of the village. My husband had driven thus far alone with Sadik, and he told me afterwards he had had a deeply interesting talk with him, about his own faith and the Christian belief, Sadik evidently knowing his Korân and the tenets of his faith very perfectly. But though a devout follower of his Prophet, he is by no means a bigot.

Our drive back was equally beautiful, and ended in the Consul's house, where he has a very fine collection of old Kutaya pottery. We had a talk

here with his Kavass, the same Kavass who with the Consul managed the search for young Mr. Macmillan, who was lost on Mount Olympus. Most people will remember the facts: how Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Hardinge, of the British Embassy, ascended the mountain, and parted about an hour below the summit, Mr. Hardinge being more active and able to mount faster than Mr. Macmillan. From that moment the latter was never seen again. Both the Consul and Kavass believe he was murdered by the wild Albanian shepherds, who tended their herds on the various alps and plateaus, and that the body was burned to hide the deed, when the investigations were pushed on by the Turkish Government. Only one trace was ever discovered. The Kavass told us that at one spot he came across the marks of many feet, and of an evident struggle; and digging there he found a few English coins. But the guilt was never brought home to the shepherds. Any one now ascending Olympus must do it at his own risk, the Government refuse to grant an escort. Mr. Hardinge and Mr. Macmillan had not even a guide with them.

The next morning early we left Brûsa by rail, a carriage with an open platform having been reserved for us; and here, seated on comfortable chairs, covered by an awning, we enjoyed at our ease the beautiful

journey, mounting through fields in the highest state of cultivation, with farm dwellings scattered about them, and descending on Mudania through groves of olives, figs, vines, chestnuts, walnuts, and last, not least, the beautiful white mulberry, the groves of which, grown for the silkworms, with their light green leaves, form such a feature of the whole scenery round Brûsa. The Consul accompanied us so far, and the engineer of the railway. Here we found the English guard-ship waiting for us, Captain Hegan and his wife on board, and a true English breakfast ready, which amused and interested Sadik very much, who was delighted to find himself on an English man-of-war. We had a most enjoyable steam back to Constantinople, and on anchoring just off the entrance to the Golden Horn, Sadik went straight to the Palace, to report our return and great enjoyment of all we had seen, and convey our thanks to his Imperial master.

XIV

HASAN AND HUSAIN

THERE are certain things which seem even more incredible after one has seen them than before. That religious fanaticism may become a kind of raving madness we know not only from mythology but from history also ; and there are trustworthy accounts from eye-witnesses who describe the horrible tortures and mutilations which people will inflict on themselves, and the cruelties which they will perpetrate on others, while in a state of religious frenzy. We accept these accounts without always fully realizing them. We make allowance for innate savagery, or, among more civilized races, for the influence of intoxicating liquor. But no one would call the present inhabitants of Constantinople savages, and the use of intoxicating liquor is less frequent there than among ourselves. And yet what we saw there on the feast of Hasan and Husain, and what may be seen there every year during the first ten days of the Muharrem, seems

so difficult to believe that one is almost afraid to describe it. The Turks themselves, it must be said to their honour, have little to do with these exhibitions. They disapprove of them, but the Sultan, it is said, is unwilling to stop them for fear of being considered intolerant. The performance is chiefly Persian.

The Persians resident in Constantinople form a kind of *regnum in regno*, and insist on their privilege of witnessing these religious atrocities every year. We were invited by the Persian Ambassador to be present at this performance, and found our way towards the evening to a large square, a *khân*, surrounded by houses and shops, planted with trees, and crowded with people. When it grew dark the houses were illuminated, and large bonfires were lighted, mostly with petroleum. The mixture of smells, petroleum, escaped gas, sewers, and humanity, was terrible, even in the open air. After waiting for some time, music could be heard, and the people made room for a large procession that marched in, consisting of more than a thousand men and boys, and preceded by children dressed in white, some riding on horseback with grown-up men at their sides, gesticulating, reciting, and crying. Then followed three companies, all in white shirts, some carrying swords, others heavy iron chains, and all shouting rhythmically, 'Vah Hasan!

Vah Husain!’ The first set struck their bare chests first with their right hand, then with the left. The next company passed by swinging their chains from side to side with a graceful dancing motion. The third and last lot passed along sideways in two long lines facing each other, each man holding his neighbour’s girdle with the left hand, whilst they swung their swords in unison with the right. Between these rows marched men reciting the story of Hasan and Husain. The whole procession passed on thus slowly round the *khân*, and left by the gate at which they entered.

We wondered why we had been told that only people of strong nerves should attend this celebration. Whilst the procession was visiting another *khân* we were refreshed with the most delicious tea. After a time we again heard the strains of music, this time louder and wilder, and the people all round us began to show signs of great and increasing excitement and agitation as the procession, lighted by the lurid glare of the petroleum bonfires, re-entered the *khân*. The children passed by as before, followed by a white horse, on which sat two white doves, emblematic of the souls of Hasan and Husain. The cries of ‘Vah! vah! Hasan! Husain!’ grew louder and louder, many of the spectators joining in, whilst the first company

passed beating their bare breasts with such violence and regularity that it sounded like sledge hammers coming down on blocks of granite. The second company passed swinging their chains over their heads, and bringing them down on their now bare backs till the flesh was lacerated and streaming with blood. Then, last and worst of all, came the men with the swords, cutting themselves, particularly their heads, in good earnest, so that one had to stand back to avoid the blood which spurted forth in all directions. Soon their white shirts were crimson with blood, their heads looked as if covered with a red fez, and the pavement was running with blood ; and yet these people marched on as if on parade. Very few indeed fell out. One man fell down dead before our eyes ; and at last a kind of police came forward, holding their sticks over the people so as to prevent their hacking themselves to death in their frenzy. There was little violence, and there was no trace of drunkenness. The people, though densely crowded, were perfectly orderly, and we saw old rough men crying and shedding bitter tears, and with many sobs uttering the names Hasan and Husain. They were all men of the lower and lowest classes as far as one could judge from their outward appearance, and if you had asked one of them why they cried so

bitterly, they would probably have had nothing to answer but 'Oh, Hasan and Husain!' It is true there were some men who recited the history of Hasan and Husain, but no one seemed to listen to them; nay, their voices were completely drowned by the regular shouts of 'Hasan and Husain!'

We stayed as long as we could, till the heat and the various exhalations became intolerable. We were afraid it would be impossible to get through the compact surging mass of human beings, all gesticulating wildly and looking fierce and uncanny. The passages were narrow, and we had a number of ladies in our party. But as soon as the people saw the Imperial aide-de-camp who was with us, they made room for us. No number of policemen in London could have cleared a passage so quickly as our aide-de-camp and a few kavasses. When I expressed my admiration of this orderly crowd to a Turkish friend, he smiled and said, 'Ah, we have no women in our crowds.' The presence of women accounts evidently to an Eastern mind for most of our troubles in the West, and they express their conviction that we shall never get on unless we shut them up.

Now if we ask why these hundreds and thousands of men were shedding tears and crying 'Hasan and Husain!' history tells us little more than that

Hasan, the fifth Caliph, the son of Fâtimah and of Ali, the fourth Caliph, reigned only half a year and was probably poisoned by his wife, while Husain was slain in the battle of Kerbelah, 680 A.D., fighting against the Syrian army of Obaidallah. Many princes have fallen under similar circumstances, but their very names are now forgotten, and no one sheds a tear about them. The real reason of these tears for Hasan and Husain lies much deeper. It is first of all *religious*. Mohammed, in spite of all his remonstrances and his protestations that he was a man, and a man only, was soon represented as having been created by Allah in the beginning of all things, and before there was as yet either heaven or earth, darkness, light, sun, moon, paradise, or hell. The only surviving child of Mohammed was Fâtimah, the wife of Ali, and the mother of Hasan and Husain. These four were soon made to share in the same miraculous birthright as the Prophet, and opposition to them or the killing of any of them was therefore looked upon as a kind of sacrilege. They were of the blood of Mohammed, and the shedding of that sacred blood was the highest crime that could be committed. Hence the *religious* feeling for Hasan and Husain, both murdered, though they were in a very special sense of the blood of Mohammed, if not the direct

descendants of Allah. There is besides a purely *sentimental* feeling for Hasan and Husain, because they were murdered young, and because national poetry has endowed them with many virtues.

In Persia there are real miracle-plays (some of them translated by the late Sir Lewis Pelly), very different from the wild shoutings of the crowds at Constantinople, and in them Hasan, and particularly Husain, are represented as heroes and martyrs, and endowed with every virtue under the sun. The very day before the final battle in which he fell Husain was asked to surrender, but he declined. His sister came to him in the night, crying, 'Alas for the desolation of my family! My mother Fâtimah is dead, and my father Ali and my brother Hasan. Alas for the destruction that is past! and alas for the destruction that is to come!' Then Husain replied, 'Sister, put your trust in God, and know that man is born to die and that the heavens shall not remain; everything shall pass away but the presence of God, who created all things by His power, and shall make them by His power to pass away, and they shall return to Him alone. My father was better than I, my mother was better than I, and my brother was better than I, and they and we and all Muslim have an example in the Apostle of God.' Then he told his soldiers to

march away and leave him alone, because he alone was wanted ; but they all refused, and determined to fight. Then Husain mounted his horse and set the Korân before him, crying, 'O God, Thou art my confidence in my trouble and my hope in every calamity.' His sister and daughter began to weep, but Husain remained firm. At that very moment some of the enemy's cavalry went over to him. But the enemy was too strong for Husain's army. Husain himself was struck on the head, and had to retire to his tent, streaming with blood. He sat down and took his little son on his lap, who was immediately killed by an arrow. The father placed the little corpse on the ground and cried, 'We come from God and we return to Him. O God, give me strength to bear these misfortunes.' He then ran toward the Euphrates to get some water to drink, and there was struck by an arrow in his mouth. While he stood and prayed, his little nephew ran up to kiss him, and had his hand cut off with a sword. Husain wept, and said, 'Thy reward, dear child, is with thy forefathers in the realms of bliss.' Though wounded and faint, Husain charged the enemy bravely and was soon killed, his corpse being trampled into the ground by the enemy's horsemen.

Whether all this be historically true or not, when

presented on a stage we can quite imagine that it might draw tears from the spectators' eyes. But that, without any appeal to the eyes, hundreds of rough, nay ruffianly-looking men, should gash and lacerate themselves almost unto death, while others stand about shedding bitter tears, is more difficult to explain. Still so it was, and there were the members of most of the foreign Embassies and Legations present to witness it, few going home without having their dresses spattered with blood.

There is, however, besides the religious and sentimental, another source, if not of the tears, at least of the excitement, and that source is *political*, if not *ethnological*. It is political in so far that of the two great divisions of the Mohammedans, the Shi'ites and Sunnites, the former never recognized any true Caliphs except the direct descendants of Mohammed, namely, Ali, the husband of Fâtimah, and their sons, Hasan and Husain. Abubekr, Omar, and Osman were in their eyes usurpers. Still more so were the Omayyades, the successors of Mu'awiyah, who in 661 A.D. took the Caliphate from Hasan. This feeling of hostility between the Shi'ites and Sunnites continues to the present day, and may still become not only the excuse for street rows, but the cause of serious political troubles.

There may even be an *ethnological* element at the bottom of this political division, for the Shi'ites are mostly Persian, that is, Aryan ; the Sunnites are Arab, that is, Semitic. The Arab character is stiff, formal, and legal ; the Persian character is free, poetical, and philosophical. The Persians, though conquered by the Arabs, were for a long time intellectually the masters and teachers of their conquerors. At Constantinople they live side by side, apparently in peace, but the Persians must not be offended, and to deprive them of their national festival would be an offence in their eyes, though in the eyes of the world it would be a wholesome removal of an offensive anachronism. When one sees the state of frenzy into which thousands of people can work themselves up by merely shouting for hours 'Hasan and Husain!' one understands the danger that might arise if ever more articulate utterance should be given to their shouts. One clever leader might carry away these people to a general massacre, and they would probably be as ready to die as they are to lie bleeding in the street, shouting 'Hasan and Husain!' to the very end, and looking forward with delight to the black-eyed girls, and to Hasan and Husain, waiting for them in Paradise.

F. M. M.

XV

TURKISH LADIES

NO one who visits Turkey can know anything of the real life of the people unless she has seen some of the Harems, for it is a mistake to imagine that because they are invisible to the outer world the Turkish women have no influence. On the contrary, unable to spend their time in going about and in visiting or receiving general visitors, they have all the more leisure for intrigue and scheming, and it must be remembered that all marriages are arranged exclusively by the female relations on both sides.

Though the present Sultan's own wives and slaves are said to be mere frivolous dolls, spending their energies on dress and eating sweetmeats, many of the Pashas' wives are women of keen intelligence, able to manage their husbands' properties, and it is well known that the Valideh Sultans, or mothers of the Sultans, have often exercised immense influence



TURKISH LADY IN YASHMAK AND FEREJEH

in State affairs. The young girls now in Turkey are all being educated, the Sultan having established excellent schools, where the girls go till the age of twelve or so, when they 'put on the yashmak' and disappear. Up to that age they may be seen sitting with their fathers in the public gardens of an afternoon, and going to and from school of a morning, attended, if of the higher classes, by the usual hideous black attendant. I was not invited to the Royal Harem, but I had the opportunity of seeing several Turkish homes during our stay at Constantinople.

My first visit was to the wife of one of the great Ministers. The wife of one of the foreign Pashas in the Turkish service arranged the visit, and kindly accompanied me. We drove to a part of Pera beyond the Grande Rue, and almost opposite the Palace of Yildiz, though separated from it by a deep valley. I had often when driving observed the high white walls in this locality, but had never realized that they concealed the Harems of many of the Ministers and highest nobility. We passed the Minister's own house, his selamlık, and across the road stopped at a high gate in the high wall, where we prepared to leave the carriage; but the gates were opened for us, and we were desired to drive in, as the gardeners were still at work, so that the ladies could not be in

the garden. We drew up at the door of a large square white house, the entrance up high marble steps. All round us rose the Harem walls, not covered with creepers as at Yildiz, but bare and white, and so high that even from the top windows of the house nothing could be seen. In spite of the beautiful turf and brilliant flower-beds and shrubs, it looked and felt like a prison. The door was opened by a slave, and we found ourselves in a long and very narrow passage, which led into a large and lofty central hall full of palms, with a fountain playing in the middle, and all round stood the slaves—the women, black and white, in bright-coloured cotton dresses and white turbans, the black eunuchs in frock-coat and fez.

We were shown into a large handsomely furnished room, with a splendid yellow carpet, but without a book, or work, or any sign of life and occupation. The little wife soon appeared, dressed in European dress; in fact, it is only in the Royal Harem that the native costume is kept up. She was accompanied by her sister-in-law, the wife of the Minister's brother. The latter spoke Turkish only, so my friend devoted herself to her, whilst I had a lively talk in French with the Minister's wife. She was small and nice-looking, with brilliant eyes. She told me that she drove out once, at the utmost, twice a year, in a shut

carriage, the only time she passed outside those terrible walls. She was fond of her garden and her pets, cats and birds, but she had no children, and, I was told, lived in constant dread that her husband would, in consequence, divorce her, for very few Turks now have two wives. Her idea of European life was founded on French novels, which she read incessantly, and she said to me: 'Well, we are happier than you, for our husbands may fancy one of our slaves whom we know, but your husbands go about with French actresses whom you don't know!' Sweetmeats were brought in by slaves, and then cigarettes, but I had to confess my ignorance of smoking, and, lastly, the delicious Turkish coffee in golden cup-stands. The Minister's wife is a good musician, and her sister-in-law draws and paints, taught by the Minister, who is quite a good artist; but in spite of music and painting, and French novels, and lovely garden, I had a sad feeling that she was like a bird beating her wings against her gilded cage. She had read too much to be content.

All the time of our visit the doors stood open, and the slaves passed and repassed, as if keeping up a constant espionage. We were just going into the garden, a slave reporting the departure of the gardeners, when the Minister and his brother came

in, having hurried back from the Palace to see us. From the moment of their arrival the two little wives were absolutely silent, and though I tried to include his wife in my interesting talk with the Minister, I failed utterly; but, as I reflected afterwards, we were talking of the Mosques and buildings, of the sarcophagi in the Museum, and the treasures of the Seraglio, which she had never seen, and never could see, so our conversation must have been unintelligible to her. I came away with a feeling of the deepest pity for these two women, who seemed to me restless and unsatisfied, indulged as they evidently were by their husbands and surrounded by all that wealth could give them.

During our stay at Therapia the Austrian Ambassador took me to call on the wife of Munir Pasha, Grand Master of Ceremonies. Their house at Yeni Keui is on the Bosphorus (the walls washed by the water), and I had already visited Munir Pasha in his Selamlık, separated from the Harem by a beautiful garden, full of hundreds of roses of different sorts. Here, as there was no Harem wall, the windows were all carefully latticed, but the inmates can see out through the lattice, though no one can see them. We were in one of the Austrian *kaïks*, and were received on landing by two or three blackies, one of whom,

a singularly tall figure, I had noticed more than once on the steamer in attendance on the young daughter on her way to and from school. We found our hostess in a large room on the ground floor, and as she only spoke Turkish, her nephew¹, a Palace aide-de-camp, was there to interpret. Munir Pasha's wife is a very capable, clever woman, probably not what we should call highly educated, but able to conduct all her husband's affairs and manage his estate, as nearly his whole time must be spent at the Palace. Though everything had to be said through the nephew, we speaking French, the conversation never flagged for a moment. This was the only Harem I visited where no refreshments were offered us. Our hostess, who was a woman of between forty and fifty, and, like most Turkish ladies, decidedly stout, was dressed in mauve-coloured muslin, with a chain of very large amethysts round her neck; her hair was dark and dressed in the French fashion of the day. The house was built like most of the houses I saw, the front door opening at once into a central hall with rooms on each side, the end opposite the door filled by a wide handsome staircase. Munir's wife gave me the idea of a happy busy woman. She told us she went out in her *kaik* constantly, of course veiled and in the

¹ Nedjib Bey, who had attended us on our visits to the old Seraglio.

ferejeh, the shapeless cloak worn by Turkish ladies old and young, which entirely conceals the figure, and the ugliness of which is not even redeemed by the splendid materials and brilliant colours usually employed. Our hostess parted with us at the door of the room, for fear any man might be in sight through the open door of the hall.

Not long after this, my husband and I and our son, were invited to luncheon by Hamdy Bey, the head of the Museum of Antiquities and discoverer of the Sidon Sarcophagi, which are the glory of the Museum. His house is on the Bosphorus, but a public road runs between it and the water. We were shown upstairs, where, in a room full of art treasures, wonderful specimens of faïence tiles and Oriental hangings, we found our host and his wife. She is of French origin, though brought up as a Turkish lady, but she sees her husband's friends and presides at his table. The whole house is furnished in European style, and, but for the view over the Bosphorus and the kaïks, and strange boats passing every minute, one might fancy oneself in any country but Turkey. After luncheon, during which his wife bore her part in the animated French conversation, she took me back to her drawing-room, whilst the gentlemen went to the men's

side of the house to smoke. My hostess said what a delight it must be to me to travel, on which I asked whether she never accompanied her husband. She was genuinely shocked, and told me that was an impossibility, adding: 'I never cross the road behind the house to my hill garden except in yashmak.'

We had seen so much of Sadik Bey, the delightful Palace aide-de-camp who attended us everywhere at the Sultan's desire, that I felt a great wish to see his home, though he had, of course, never talked of it to us, and I did not know how many children he had. He is an Arab, and had once incidentally mentioned that his wife was Arab too. He seemed very much pleased at my wish, and it was settled that I should go down from Therapia to Pera to call on 'Mrs. Sadik.' His house was small, but loftier than most Turkish houses, and built on the very edge of the steep hill opposite Yildiz Palace. Here, again, a narrow passage shut off all view of the entrance door from the interior of the house. I was shown into what was evidently his sitting-room on the ground floor, for there was no lattice. The room was plainly furnished, but there was a bookcase full of French and German books, for Sadik Bey had been some time in Berlin, and French he had learnt in Pera; he did not understand English. He soon

appeared and took me upstairs. At the top of the staircase stood his very pretty wife, small, with fine eyes, and masses of dark hair, in which she wore a natural rose. She was dressed in white muslin, with white satin shoes, the dress trimmed with *pink* ribbons and a *scarlet* sash, whilst the rose was deep *crimson*. She wore very fine diamonds, and was evidently got up in her very best, and in her eyes my black brocade must have seemed very dingy. The room into which we went was small and tightly latticed. She seemed bright and happy, and cast looks of adoring affection on her lord and master, who sat opposite her, and opened the conversation by asking: 'What do you think of her?' I could truly say she was the prettiest woman I had seen in Pera.

It was a very hot day, and Sadik Bey took down the lattice, and the whole beautiful view burst on me of the green hill opposite, crowned by the white kiosks of Yildiz Palace, and the Mosque where the Sultan goes for Selamlık, and to the right the waters of the Bosphorus, sparkling over the brown roofs of the houses in the Beshiktash quarter. From this moment his wife moved back, and sat where she could not see anything out of window but the sky.

The children were then brought in—a little girl of

about eight, the most fantastic figure, whose dress and hat would have suited Madge Wildfire. She went to school every morning, and of an afternoon learned music and needlework from her mother, who is particularly skilful with her needle. Like her mother, the child only speaks Turkish and Arabic, and, her father told me, was never to learn any European language. 'What is the good? It only makes them unhappy'; and I felt he was right. The baby boy of eighteen months, a very fine child, was carried in by his mother; and lastly her mother, a dear old lady, with a white linen covering over her head and a shapeless gown of some soft dark material, came in, bringing me the most delicious iced-almond drink, rather like the almond sherbet one gets in Sweden. I should like to have seen more of the little house, but felt shy about asking to go into other rooms, as I did not know how far it might be liked; but I left them feeling that they were a really happy family, and there could be no doubt of the affection between husband and wife, and the perfect content of the wife in her round of home duties. And yet I heard Sadik Bey say later on, when he had taken his family into the country not far from Therapia, that there was nothing to do, for 'one can't sit with the women'—as if they were far his inferiors.

My last experience was in the house of a very liberal-minded Turkish lady, a distant connexion of the Sultan, who had allowed her lovely daughters to visit freely at the various embassies till they were above fifteen, when the Sultan interfered and ordered them to assume the yashmak. They are said when in Egypt or on the Princes' Islands in the Marmara to still enjoy considerable liberty. They had a fine house on the Bosphorus, with a large balcony, almost covered by Virginian creeper, and here, going by in the steamer, I had often caught a glimpse of their heads as they sat on the balcony at work or afternoon tea. The mother was out the day I called. I found the daughters most attractive and strikingly handsome. They spoke English well, and had read a good deal. One was a fine musician, the other a clever artist, and many of her studies and sketches in oils hung about the rooms. They showed me their own boudoir, which was like any girl's sitting-room in England, only larger and more handsomely furnished. The panels of the doors were fitted with their own sketches from Cairo, and the tables were covered with photographs. It was evident that they tried to make the best of their circumscribed lives, but they were not happy. The youngest was engaged to a man of very bad character, whom she has since divorced, and it

was evident from things she said that she hated the idea of her marriage and was postponing it as long as possible. We had five o'clock tea on the balcony, where they could see and not be distinctly seen. They went out every evening in their *kaïk*, and not so thickly veiled but that I often recognized them afterwards. They filled me with the deepest pity, as I thought of the unsatisfied lives that stretched before them.

We can hardly realize the full monotony of a Turkish lady's life. Every woman, rich or poor, with the least regard to her character must be in her house by sundown. Only think of the long, dull winter afternoons and evenings when no friend can come near them, as all their female friends must be in their own houses, and male friends they cannot have. Even the men of their own family associate but little with them. Let us hope that with the increase of intercourse between Europeans and Turks the life of the women must change, and that as the men have dropped their Oriental garb the women will in time part with the *yashmak* and *ferejeh*, and that with them their isolated lives will cease. Young Turks who have been educated in Berlin, Paris, and Vienna before they marry have been heard to declare that their wives shall be free, and yet when it comes

to the point they have all yielded to the tyranny of custom. Nor is there any chance of change during the reign of Abdul Hamid, whose views on the seclusion of women are very strict, scarcely a year passing without fresh laws on thicker yashmaks and more shapeless ferejehs. On the Bosphorus their kaïks are a great resource to the Turkish ladies, but in Pera those of the upper classes can only go out, in closed carriages, to the Sweet Waters, occasionally accompanied by their husbands on horseback. But they may speak to no one whilst driving; their own husbands and sons cannot even bow to them as they pass, and no one would venture to say a word to his own wife or mother when the carriage pulls up—the police would at once interfere. The highest mark of respect is to turn your back on a lady, and this is *de rigueur* when any member of the Imperial Harem passes. We were drinking coffee one day at the Sweet Waters, at the part which flows by the gardens of a country palace of the Sultan. All at once Sadik Bey jumped up and ran behind a tree, with his back to the Sweet Waters. Two or three closed carriages of the Imperial Harem were passing along the road in the gardens on the other side of the river, the blinds so far drawn down that it was impossible to see if any one was inside, and yet

all along our side we saw the Turks, whether officers or civilians, going through the same absurd ceremony, and only when the carriages were out of sight did they return to their coffee.

Formerly a man never saw the face of his intended till after the marriage ceremony, when they withdrew into a room and the veil was lifted for the first time. Now it is generally contrived that the bridegroom elect shall see his future wife for a moment unveiled. This seclusion of the wives prevents hospitality in our sense of the word. The Pashas entertain each other, and a few of them invite European gentlemen to their houses; but no ladies, of course, can ever be received where there is no hostess to entertain them. Hamdy Bey is the one exception I know of, but his wife is French by birth. Till the happier days dawn when Turkish women can share the lives of their fathers and husbands, it seems to me that their better education only makes them restless and unhappy, and that those women are the best off who, like the women of the Sultan's Harem, have little interest beyond dress and sweetmeats, and remain children—and spoilt children—all their lives.

XVI

OUR LAST AUDIENCE

THE 9th of August had arrived, the day before that on which we intended to leave, and we had heard nothing from the Palace of a farewell audience, only a rumour had reached us that the Sultan was not well. That evening we were dining at the Secretary's Mess in their charming Secretariat, which in the days of Lord Stratford de Redclyffe had been the English Embassy, and we had hardly sat down when we were told that Sadik had come up with a message for us from the Palace, and not finding us at our hotel had followed us to the Mess. Our hosts begged him to join the party, which he willingly did, and then told us we were to be at the Palace the next day for *déjeuner* at noon. We agreed to meet outside Yildiz at 11.30. We went down in

the Embassy *mouche*, landing at Dolmabaghchek and driving up to the Palace. Here, outside the Ambassadors' Kiosk, we found Sadik Bey, who took us in by the gate leading to the kiosk where we had seen Hadgi Ali, and met Jellaladeen Afghani; but passing this he led us on to a long low building, the walls almost hidden by creepers, standing on a line with the Harem gate, through which we passed after our first Selamluk. The glass doors opened directly without any steps from the garden drive, up which we had walked, and we entered a large cool hall. No servants were about, but Sadik had evidently received his instructions, and took us straight into a room on the left, where he left us. Our son had been specially ordered to accompany us. The room had a superb carpet, and was hung with mauve-coloured brocade silk—there were a few cabinets and small tables and other pieces of fine inlaid furniture. We waited here some time, and at noon heard the Muezzin's call to prayer, not uttered from any minaret, but standing in the garden. The shrill cry sounded even more weird than usual, when not softened by distance.

At length Sadik reappeared to say that the Sultan had not been well and excused himself from having *déjeuner* with us. The doors of an

inner room were then thrown open, and we found the most *recherché* meal arranged on a narrow table, with places for four. The centre was occupied by three large gold tazzas of fine workmanship, loaded with fruits finer than any we had yet seen in Turkey. Fish and pilau, and chicken were among the dishes, and *we* had champagne, and of the finest too, but none was even offered to Sadik, who did not rigorously abstain from drinking it when with us, saying he considered it 'a little sin.' After *déjeuner* we were told the Sultan was ready to receive us, and we followed Sadik back into the entrance hall. He stayed here, but Munir Pasha, the Grand Master of the Ceremonies, appeared at a door exactly opposite the room we had just left, and leading us across an ante-room, we found ourselves in presence of the Sultan. H.I.M. was standing, and as we approached and bowed low, held out his hand to each of us, and leading me to a sofa, made me sit on his right hand, M.M. and our son and Munir Pasha facing us on three chairs.

H.I.M. looked very different from when we had seen him before. He is always afraid of some attempt on his life when he goes to Selamlık, though it would be impossible for any one to reach him through the troops which guard every road, and when we first saw

him he still had an anxious harassed look. Now in his Palace, where he fancies himself quite secure, he looked quite happy and at his ease. He began the interview by regretting that he had not been able to ask us to dinner, as he had been unwell, and was not quite recovered. This Munir Pasha translated by '*j'avais mal à l'estomac.*' Now it is well known that the Sultan has a perfect horror of cholera, and though it is not etiquette for him to notice a word not spoken in Turkish, he interrupted Munir at once, saying something in Turkish. Munir then corrected himself, and said that H.I.M. '*s'était refroidi.*' The Sultan was then pleased to say that I looked better than when he had seen me before, to which I could only reply that the fine air of Turkey had agreed with me remarkably. He condoled with our son on losing us, and the young diplomat readily answered that in any other country he should be very unhappy, but that his life in Turkey was so happy and full of interest, that he should feel it less. We little thought then of the tragic interest to be imparted to his work by the awful Armenian massacres in Constantinople itself. With my husband the Sultan freely discussed his schools, and all he had done in that way to educate his soldiers and the children of his people, girls as well as boys. He seemed very much

pleased at our great delight with all we had seen, and we thanked him for having so graciously made everything so easy for us by allowing Sadik Bey to devote his time to us, and we spoke of his unceasing attention and kindness during our stay. When the Sultan rose to dismiss us, he said he wished each of us to have a souvenir of our time in his country, and that we should find something in the next room; and turning to our son he said, 'I know as a member of the English Embassy you may take no present, my gift is to your father's son.'

The Sultan came as far as the door of the room with us, but did not this time give me his arm, and after again expressing our gratitude and making a deep obeisance we crossed the ante-chamber and hall, followed by Munir Pasha, who took us back to the room where we had first waited, and where Sadik joined us. Here Munir Pasha produced a large white linen bag, out of which he took three packets in white paper, giving us each one. My husband's gift was a large gold cigarette case, with the Sultan's monogram in diamonds, surrounded by a border of much larger stones, all set *à jour*. Mine was a graceful fillet of diamonds for the hair, with a bird in diamonds with a sapphire and ruby tail, which can be worn as a brooch or screws on to the fillet for the

head, the whole forming a most becoming ornament. My son received a smaller cigarette case of deep red gold with the Sultan's monogram in diamonds. He had to write home for leave to keep it, which was most kindly given him. On hearing our expressions of surprise and delight at such princely gifts, Munir Pasha said, 'I must just tell the Sultan at once what you say,' so that we were able once more to express our gratitude for the extraordinary kindness shown us through our whole stay. Munir Pasha himself took us to the door, no servant appearing, and we left Yildiz with a mixed feeling of liking and pity for its Imperial inmate.

It is difficult to believe that this man, who is certainly the most charming host, most courteous and kind, and intelligent in his conversation, full too, from many things we heard, of a great wish to give pleasure, should be the same person who has condoned, to say the least, the Armenian massacres. His fondness for children is well known. We were told when in Turkey that he has a room full of the most beautiful and costly toys from Paris, and directly he hears that any child has accompanied her mother on a visit to the Imperial Harem, he sends her one of these as a gift. Could the Sultan have stopped the horrible massacres that were per-

formed in his name? one wonders. The Christians living in his kingdom enjoy many privileges, and even the highest offices are not closed to them. Several of his Ambassadors are Christians, as also several of the Ministers. We cannot match this in England or even in India. The Sultan has inherited a situation which seems almost untenable. His Christian subjects are the most intelligent, wealthy, and influential portion of the empire; but the Turks are the more numerous, and they are in possession, thanks to the quarrels of the Christian nations at the time of the Crusades and of the taking of Constantinople. Turks and Christians are ready to fly at each other's throats, and whenever a rebellion breaks out, the Sultan or his Ministers naturally gives orders that it must be suppressed *à tout prix*. What can be done when two races living under the same Government hate each other? After all that had been done for the Hindus, could anything equal their wanton cruelty during the Mutiny, and how fiercely was Lord Canning attacked for his so-called clemency after thousands of rebels had been blown away from the guns? The Sultan knows that if he in any way favoured his non-Mohammedan subjects his empire would be at an end in Europe, his Mohammedan subjects would rise against him, and there is even

now a young Turkey more dangerous to his rule than the Armenians, and kept faithful to the Sultan only through their antagonism to the Christians. It is a war of extermination which may be interrupted by armistices, more or less successful, but which can end in two ways only, either the extermination of the Christians or the expulsion of the Mohammedans from Europe.

Have the European Powers taken the right course in dealing with this question? Have they not espoused the cause of the Christians *only*, without remembering that the Turkish subjects also have to complain of misgovernment, over-taxation, and many hardships, and that they are as a rule patient and long-suffering, whereas the Armenians have long been rebellious and troublesome. Had the Powers said that the whole system of government in Turkey was impossible and a blot upon Europe, and that as long as the Turks were suffered to remain on this side the Bosphorus the government must be more in accordance with the received ideals of civilization, they would have attracted to them the party of reform, the so-called young Turkey party, without alienating the Christian subjects of Turkey, and such united influences could have forced reform from the Palace for the

whole kingdom, without recourse to dynamite and bomb-throwing, and Europe would have been spared the awful massacres which are the inevitable consequence of resorting to unlawful means for extorting reform.

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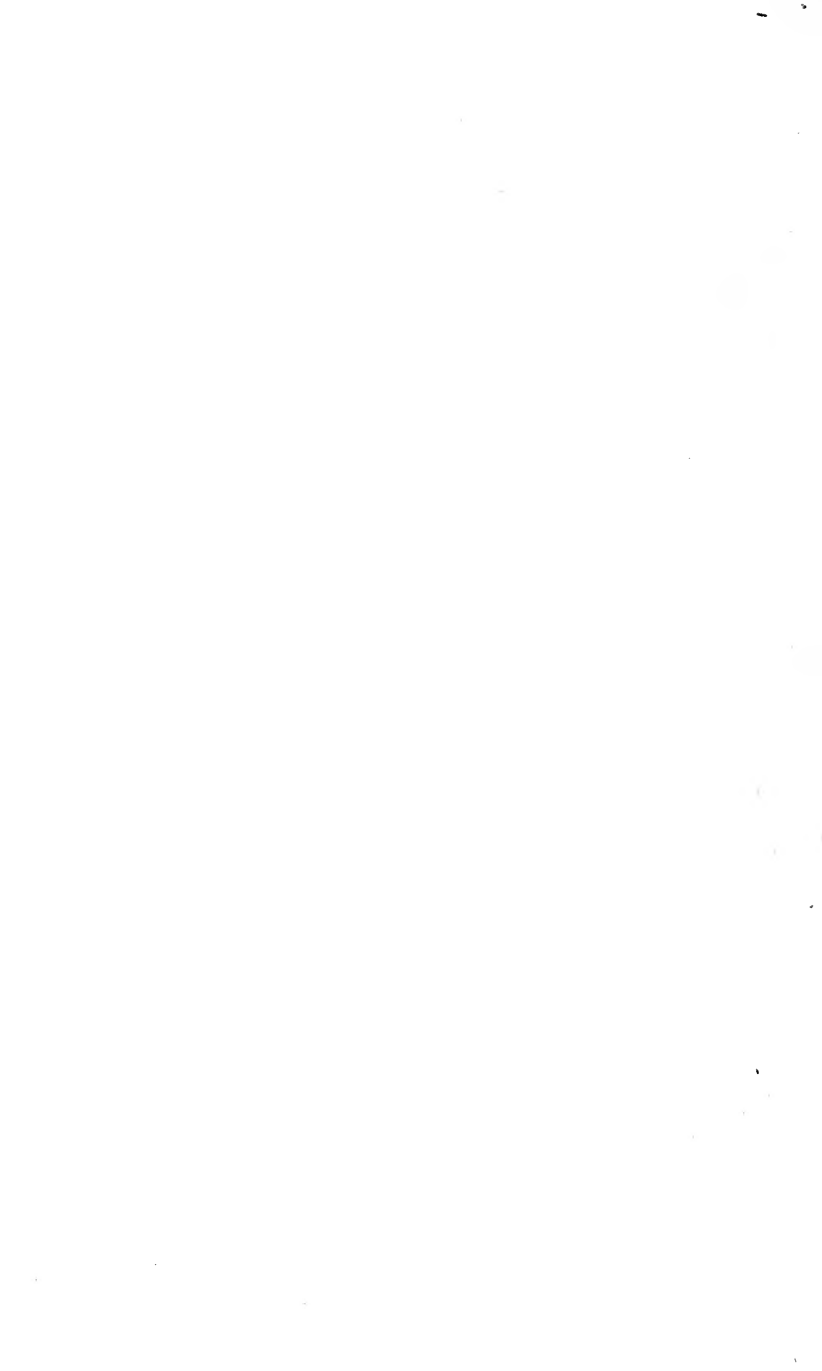
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